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THOMAS CATHRO'S CLOCK.

"I AM leaving you alone in the world, Thomas, but I think you will do honestly and well. You have but two things to think of; yourself and your craft. Never demean yourself for an advantage in your craft, and never demean your craft for an advantage to yourself. That way you will succeed with the only success worth having." Such was the dying advice which young Thomas Cathro received from his father. Some days later, on his return from the kirk-yard where he had laid to rest the remains of a parent whom he had both revered and loved, he sat down in the silent house and took account of his position. His years were twenty-one, and he was fairly master of the craft of clock-making. Under the wise guidance of his father, and aided by a naturally serious and well-balanced temperament of his own, he had employed the years of his apprenticeship so well as to have gained repute as a skilful and original workman. He did nothing by rote, but everything with wise consideration. His hand and mind were guided by a sense of fine poetry in adjusting his mechanism to solemnly measure out time; and ere the finished watch passed from his hands it had become a lovable thing from which he parted with regret. There was also a romantic strain in

his outlook on life, although only half acknowledged to himself. Therefore, before settling down in this little town in the midlands of Scotland, he was fain to go out into the world to see and study what the French and Swiss could do, and get some smack of wider existence and experience. The few hundreds of pounds his father had left him would suffice for his modest projects; and he justified them by the conviction that he would thereby extend his knowledge and mastery of the craft he loved. So inspired and resolved he proceeded to London, and, after a stay of about a year there, to Paris. In that city he worked out into practice a subtly-conceived improvement in the mechanism of watches, which he sold for a considerable sum of money to a famous house, remitting the proceeds to the Bank of Scotland in Edinburgh to be held in his name. With the fame of this achievement, and the greater possibilities it betokened, he next passed with high recommendations to Geneva. There he ingratiated himself by his curious admixture of modesty and knowledge. His strongly-marked features spoke of self-reliance; and in his eyes there seemed always lurking a gleam of suppressed wrath, which changed into a grave smile when he was spoken to.

One day, while standing in the

shop of the firm with whom for the time he had some connection, he was shown by the chief a note which had just been handed in. It contained a request for a careful and superior workman to be sent to examine an old clock which had suddenly stopped working. The signature to the note, entirely written in a feminine hand, was *E. Dundas-Leblanc*.

"There is something Scottish in the family; would you like to go?" asked the proprietor.

The house indicated was pleasantly situated on a slope about a mile from the town, and stood in its own grounds, which were attractively laid out in garden and terrace. On being admitted and shown up stairs, and thence by a somewhat long and narrow passage into a room furnished as if for no particular purpose, Thomas Cathro found himself in the presence of a young lady whose age he judged to be about his own. Foreign experience had softened his Scottish stiffness without making him pliant, at least conventionally so. His manners were his own; simple, direct, and not assertive, but still the outcome of a distinct personality.

"I come from Monsieur Hartmann, *mademoiselle*."

"Yes. You are a careful workman?" she asked.

"Certainly; I am a careful workman." There was a slight emphasis laid on the last word, that caused the young lady to look at him with some attention.

"I beg your pardon," she said; "I hope I conveyed no disgrace in calling you a workman."

"None, *mademoiselle*. I am a careful man in my work."

As he turned to look at the clock, the young lady again regarded him with some curiosity. "This is the clock," she said. "It stopped suddenly yesterday. It is very old. It

belonged to my mother who held it in great reverence. She gave it to me at her death, with particular injunctions not to tamper with it; to wind it regularly, and to keep it upright. It was to be moved as little as possible, and if anything went wrong, (although she thought it would go all my life as it had done during hers), I was to be present while it was being repaired. My mother's wishes are sacred," she continued; "and for the clock itself, I have now the same strange respect that she had."

Thomas listened gravely, and with such interested attention, that the young lady was won by his sympathy. She remarked he had a fine, strong face, full of gentle expressions.

He opened the panel-door, and touched the pendulum. "Oh," she cried, "it goes!"

"No," he answered, shaking his head with a grave smile, and looking at her, "that is the click of a dead clock."

"Dead?"

"For the present. Clocks have the advantage over us; they may stop beating-out time, and yet be made to resume. I must take it down. I will be careful." He repeated this without any smile, but rather with sympathetic assurance.

"You are not a Swiss?" she asked, having observed some defects in his French idiom.

"No. I am a Scot."

"Indeed!" she said. "I am half Scottish; my best half," she added, quickly and smilingly, in English.

"Yes," he answered in the same tongue; "wherever the Scottish is mixed it shines forth the best, or" (he chose the word after a pause, during which he continued to peer into the mechanism) "protrudes the worst,—in that case very bad."

"My Scottish part is Dundas."

"A good name; a historical name."

He removed the pendulum, saying : "I must take it all down."

" You were trying to avoid doing so ? " she asked.

" Yes, if possible, for what you told me."

" Well, never mind. My mother seemed superstitious about it. So am I ; but I trust you now."

" Oh, but I will not harm it." He paused in his work of detaching the movement after a little, and added : " This is a very old and finely made case. It is a careful work of art."

" Yes ; I have heard her say all that. It had been in her family for very long."

" See," he said, pointing, " here is a motto carved beneath the movement on the case, *Gang steady, gang lang.* You know what that means ? "

" Yes ; but I did not know it was there."

" It was a true artist did that. He put it there out of mortal sight as a charm for the clock itself, as if it were a living thing to be reminded and take thought."

The girl gazed steadily back in his eyes as he watched hers for the effect of his remark. " Why are you a clockmaker ? " she said.

" What better trade could I be of ? Here is a fellow-workman speaking to me quite earnestly over the space of two hundred years. I can leave good work too for folks that come after."

" What is your name ? " she asked simply.

" Thomas Cathro."

" Has your family always been clockmakers ? "

" Not that I am aware of. We have no history. My father was a schoolmaster."

" Was ? "

" Yes ; all dead ; I am the only Cathro." He had now detached the mechanism and was examining it.

" Did your mother come from Edinburgh ? " he asked.

" Yes ; or rather East Lothian. Why ? "

" Because here is the Castle-rock engraved on this plate, and a motto, *Haud heigh*, meaning *Aim high.* This is no ordinary clock," he continued, breaking into subdued enthusiasm. " It was a leisurely thinking man made and put it together. Here is a coat-of-arms carved on the back of the case. Is that the Dundas coat ? "

" Yes ; my mother's family. She married a French Protestant, and they came here to live. My name is Esmé Dundas-Leblanc. I live here with my sister who is married. She is a Leblanc ; I am a Dundas."

He looked at her with a calm scrutiny. " Yes, ye have the wild Scots e'e,—the wild Scots eye, I mean. Ye tell a story quick."

" About my sister ? "

" Yes."

" You comprehend quickly."

" I am quick at the Scots uptake."

" Speak like that," she said ; " speak like that, while you work. I like it. My mother had times when she spoke so."

" See here," he said, and she came close to look ; " there is the fault. Nothing is broken ; only that pin has worn so thin that the wheel lies heavy on its centre, and stops the movement. If this clock were life, and that pin were hope, you might see how worn-out hope stops life."

" You are young to moralise."

" But I am not moralising," he said with a laugh. " If clockmaking were mere mechanics I should get weary of it."

" Never mind," she replied ; " speak like that. My mother spoke like that."

" Your mother would be having a special liking for you ? "

"Yes. I comforted her when she was sad."

"And not so much for your sister?" He did not wait for a reply. "See here again," he continued, "round this wheel: *Quick make, quick break.* This clock is alive; it is full of mind,—that is, for me." He broke ecstatically into the Scottish tongue: "But I'll make ye a fine pin, my auld chap, an' ye sall gang anither hunder year."

"And whose possession will it be in then?" said the girl, moved also by his tone. "I will not have it live after me. Who will care for my mother then?"

"You speak as if your mother's soul was in the clock."

"No, no; not her soul, but something of her."

"A clock-case is a fine abode for a gone spirit, none better. And if you loved your mother, and your mother loved the clock, it is no wonder if you hold tryst there."

"I never thought of it like that; yet it seems true."

"True it is. . . . I must take this wheel with me."

"Oh," she said, "is that necessary?"

"Yes; the pin must be accurately fitted."

"But they are small things. I thought you could bring up a number and fit one here."

"I could do that," he answered, "if you thought the clock would like being treated in that way. I propose to make a special pin for it, by hand. It shall be my own work; something of me shall also go into the clock. It would not be a matter of account or charges at all. I should like to do that."

"I agree," she said, frankly. "Do not be hurt; I did not mistrust you; I was only thinking of my mother's command."

"Oh, but your mother would trust me."

"It is true," she answered. "When will you return?"

"The day after to-morrow at the same hour."

"Very well. Good-day, Mr. Cathro."

"Good-day, Miss Dundas."

She carefully locked the door of the room, then paused at the window in the corridor to watch him pass down the path and along the road. He was pleasant to look at, and she remained by the window in thought long after he was out of sight.

II.

Two days later, true to his promise Thomas Cathro returned to the house. The young lady received him as before, but with a warmer, kindlier manner. She was dressed with some attractive additions, yet still simply; and there was a deeper colour on her cheek.

"I heard you ask for Miss Leblanc," she said, with a friendly smile of meaning.

"That was only of a servant," he answered.

"My sister," she continued,—"I told you of my sister—she saw you come up the path; she does not like you,—your appearance; she says you have had no youth."

"True, true. We jump youth in Scotland, and begin to reflect early. She does not like that, you say? Then I don't like her. But I do not wish you to think my heart is not full of young things, Miss Dundas."

She unlocked the door of the room where stood the clock and its works as they had left them. "How dead it looks," she said.

"Only suspended," he answered. "If I know anything of my trade you will find it go at once. Cathro's

pin will now outlast everything in the clock."

"You are sure it will go? I have not slept sound these two nights; I missed its familiar tick-tack."

"Ah, it was not only that; your mother's presence was also in suspense, although time is nothing to her. She inhabits here," he said, touching the clock, "where she can taste of its passing to you."

"Does she see us, do you think?" asked the girl, touched to conviction by the sober mysticism of his remark.

"See? No, not see; but she knows."

"Knows you also?"

"Why not?" he answered, holding out the wheel with its newly-fitted pin. "There's a piece of me going into the ghostly bond now."

She sat down to watch him, observing with what care and reverence he handled the wheels with his long delicate fingers. "See how it 'ts," he said, as he fixed the new pin in its centre.

"I can scarcely believe it will go."

"You shall see," he answered, turning home the last screws. "Look how the very back of the case, against the wall, is carved with an exquisite pattern, and the top also. There is no part but is decorated with skill and care, although in a place hidden from the eye. What a pang it must have given the man who made it to part with this clock, for money too. But who made it? I see no name or mark anywhere; a common place is that inner circle where the hands turn." He scanned it narrowly. "That brass boss is modern, put there by some ignorant man to keep out dust. Beneath it, no doubt, is the maker's name."

"Would you like to know?" she asked.

"A little," he answered.

"Remove it then, and look."

"Do you say so?"

"Yes, surely, you."

He undid the little rivet, removed the hands and the modern boss, she standing by him pleased to gratify his curiosity, and there on the sunken circle he read: *Thom: Cathro me fecit et machinam et scrinium anno MDCIX.* He stood gazing like one in a dream. It stood too high for her to read, and as she looked at him with inquiring surprise, he pointed mutely with his long forefinger to the name.

She came closer. "Cathro," she cried; "some ancestor?"

"I know not."

"How strange, more than strange. What does the Latin say?"

"Thomas Cathro made me, works and case, in the year 1609."

"And you know nothing of him?"

"Nothing; not by vote of acquired knowledge. But I have a strange conviction of something I feel."

"What do you feel?" she asked.

"That it was I who made that clock three hundred years ago."

He made as if to replace the boss. "No," she said, laying her hand on his arm, "leave it so, I wish it." In silence he refixed the hands, attached the pendulum and the weights.

"How long has it been standing?" he asked.

"Two days."

"How many hours?"

"You can reckon from nine o'clock in the morning two days ago."

"Then it shall not have lost a minute of work for me." Saying this he wound up and exhausted the movement twice, and pulled the weights as much more as he judged would represent the odd hours, steadyng the pendulum while he did so. "Now, Miss Dundas, 'tis you shall start it on another long task." Her hand trembled as she approached to touch the pendulum. "Steady," he said,

grasping her wrist with his powerful fingers, and guiding the little effort. The clock resumed its solemn ticking. "It goes as before, Miss Dundas." He held the panel-door in his hand. "I am loth to close it up. See again how beautiful is that shallow carving all over the inside. I dare wager you will find the back of this pilaster, which you cannot see without a light, fully patterned." She lit a taper and held it, while he peered inside. "As I said," he exclaimed, "see!" She bent her head into the opening, quite close to him, as he held the taper. "Take care of your hair with the flame," he said, and gently straightened a loose lock over her forehead. She put up her hand quickly and it touched his. "Do you see?" he asked.

"Yes."

"The man who did all that cared for nothing but truth and eternity."

She stood back suddenly, looking at him with eyes of amazement. "You are no earthly clockmaker," she exclaimed. "You are his spirit come back to repair your former handiwork. Say, is it not so?" She asked this with an effort at a shade of jesting in her voice. He shook his head. "I know no more of myself than what I am now. But saw you nothing else down there in the dark corner. See; touch it. What is it?"

"It seems a leathern loop."

"So. And did I not see a second in the other corner?"

"Yes," she answered fearfully; "what of that?"

"Only this, that I believe this pedestal is boxed, and these loops serve to raise a lid."

"Lift it," she said in a frightened tone.

"Nay; that is for you to do. Shall I go now?"

"No; stay. Do you not see how

I tremble? Raise it, I say. You made it, you or your ancestor."

"But not what may be within. Shall I go?"

"I bade you stay once already," she answered with some fire and some bitterness; "but you may go if that is all you care for me or my wishes."

"Bid me do anything now, Miss Dundas, and I will obey."

"Then raise that lid, if it is a lid."

He handed her the taper, which she held, watching him with intense expectation. Taking hold of the two tags of leather he pulled the lid, which came away with a strange creak. "It speaks like a spirit in pain," he said. By the thin light of the taper they could see another cover of dark wood, in the centre of which was a sunken brass handle. "Raise that," she said, in the same tone of half-command. He did so. It came away noiselessly, and discovered to view a tray divided into compartments of differing shape and size, all lined with silk, now much faded. Only two contained anything. "Here is a ring," he said holding it up, and looking into her face, which was close to his, as she stood peering earnestly into the narrow space. She turned as pale as clay, faltered, and seemed about to swoon. "What is it?" he asked, putting out his arm to support her. With an effort she came to herself, but sank on her knees, and took the ring in her hand. "The night before my mother died," she said, "I heard her moving in the dawn. When I rose and went to her she was coming, deathly pale and faltering, from this room. Next day I missed the ring from the forefinger of her left hand, where she always wore it. She would not answer to my questions as to where it was. I thought she did not understand, as she was very weak and still, and I searched everywhere in vain. This is it."

He took up the second object, which was a little box with a sliding cover, and a notch for the thumb to push it by. He looked at her, and she nodded. When opened it revealed a plait of hair of two colours inter-twisted, one dark brown, hard, and crisp, the other yellow, and of silken softness. The plait was fastened at each end with a few turns of silk thread.

She regarded it for some seconds in silence. "Can you explain?" she said at last. "You are wise."

"Is this your mother's hair?" he asked, pointing to the light strand.

"Yes; as it was in youth. I have some in an old brooch. It is the same."

"And the other is your father's?"

"No," she answered faintly, "his was raven black." There was a pause. "Explain," she said, half-fiercely, with a slight taunt in her tone.

"Love," answered Thomas Cathro, "does strange things, they say."

She leaped up angrily. "Will you malign my mother, you cold, ghostly Scotsman?"

"Young love," he answered gently, "bides long." And he stroked the twined locks as they lay in his palm.

She broke into a sob, saying "Mother," and taking the hair from him, restored it, wet with her tears, to its little box. "Put everything back into its place," she said.

"But there is more beneath; another lid that lifts."

"Then raise it," she said as before.

"You make me your agent, ask me questions, and then taunt me with slander," he replied.

"No, no. Never mind that; we are friends. Lift again."

He did so, revealing the rest of the boxed pedestal lined also with silk, where at the bottom lay the tassel of a sword, a military cockade, two silver shoe-buckles, and three bundles of letters.

"Give me these," she said.

He bent to touch them, but arresting his hand, said: "'Tis as easy for you to stoop as for me, and more fit for you to touch."

"Then we are not friends?" she said inquiringly.

"A Scots friendship is a serious thing," he answered.

"Yes; give me these." He lifted the things up one by one, and placed them in her hands. When he laid the letters in them with slow reverence, her fingers trembled violently. At that moment a footfall was heard in the passage, and with calm adroitness Thomas Cathro restored the clock and its mysterious receptacle to its first state, and snatching the things from the girl's hands as she stood frightened and motionless, put them into his pockets. The door opened, and a tall, dark, French-looking woman entered. Thomas, with the lighted taper in his hand, made as if he were still engaged in examining the works of the clock.

"Well," said the tall woman, in French, to her sister, "is the venerable object going again?"

"Yes, Charlotte; it goes as well as ever."

"And your worship of it also as before?"

"As before, sister."

"It is an old clock, is it not?" she asked, addressing the clockmaker.

"Yes, madam; very old."

"The case is curious, but the movement must be antiquated. Why not have a new one?"

"They have worn so far together; it would be a pity to separate them now."

"You also?" she said, laughing, somewhat stridently for a woman. "But it is excused with you; you are a clockmaker."

"Only a clockmaker, madam."

"Well," she said, in the same gibing

tone, "let your bill read: 'To repairing an idol,' and my foolish sister will pay you handsomely."

"Tis the same price for idols, madam, as for new gods; the proper time of day is everything."

The woman looked sharply at the clockmaker. Thomas Cathro stood there with his pockets full of alien mystery. The clock was ticking bravely; there was no excuse for longer stay. He turned to the girl: "Will you then have the case waxed, as I suggested? It will preserve it."

"Yes, please," she answered at once.

"I will come to-morrow if convenient."

"Very well; at the same hour."

"At the same hour, *mademoiselle*."

"But that is cabinet-maker's work," said the elder sister.

"I understand perfectly about wood-work, madam." He bowed respectfully, and took his departure.

In the evening, as he sat in his own little room overlooking the lake, a note was brought him by an elderly woman, who, before delivering it, made certain by many questions of his identity. It ran thus: "This is sent you by a faithful old servant. You will please read the letters and tell me their import to-morrow. I hear you ask, must I do this? I say, yes. Your Friend."

III.

THOMAS CATHRO's task kept him awake all the night. The mere reading of the letters did not occupy long, for they were not very numerous; but the story set forth in them so wrought on his sympathy and imagination, that he re-read it, pondered it, and realised it, till it took possession of him, and would not go from his mind.

One packet was composed of the letters of Archibald Dennistoun, and

covered a period of five years. Beginning with love, young, fervent, full of hope, for Marion Dundas, they ended with the same love, but clouded by personal disaster, ruin of fortune and prospects, and banishment for political intrigue. They showed Archibald Dennistoun as a late and faithful royalist, serving a cause, hopeless and long gone by, by means that brought him within the scope of the laws of treason. Another packet comprised the letters of Marion Dundas to him, speaking of love as true, if more soberly expressed. Thomas Cathro found the series complete, question and reply, suggestion and response, fitting in with perfect clearness. The third packet was composed of little notes, without heading, address, or signature. Only one bore a date, set down in bitterness as recording the anniversary of a happy event twenty-two years previously. By allusions made in them these notes seemed to have been written in Geneva. They breathed of disappointment, querulousness, even despair; they conjured up old affection, and spoke of broken faith, and a too credulous heart. In the middle of the packet were two miniatures without frames, one of a woman whom the clockmaker divined at the first glance to be Miss Esmé Dundas-Loblanc's mother; and the other of a gallant-looking youth of open, smiling countenance. He wore a soldier's coat, and the hilt of his sword was painted as if held high in his hand.

The candle was burning faint in the breaking dawn as Thomas Cathro sat reading for the twentieth time, but now, with a wild disappointed desire to solve its mystery, the last of the little notes, which ran thus: "But once more and I leave Geneva and you for ever. Once more, Marion. Forty-five is young to die to joy, for when gone from here I shall be to

all purpose dead. Only once more, Marion." On the back of this was written in a woman's hand: "14th May, 1787. May heaven in its mercy pardon me!"

"What for?" asked Cathro aloud, as he blew out the candle, and standing at the window gazed at the faint signs of day; "What for?" He looked for some minutes motionless at the rising glory of the sun. Then he turned from the window saying, "And why should I, Thomas Cathro, watchmaker, trouble my soul so about an old tale?" Wrapping a blanket around him he lay back resolutely in his chair for a short rest. But dawn is the time of dreams, and in the short hour that ensued he saw curious visions, and a love-history that held his mind with the persistence of reality. He awoke angry with himself. Work was impossible, so he went forth by the lake and the heights till the dinner-hour, sitting down every now and again in thought, and rising impatiently, till he returned in the same strange, uneasy, haunted humour. Dinner over, he set out for the house on the hill, purchasing on the way, with a grim laugh, some polisher's wax and cloths. Almost at the gate of the villa he stood still suddenly, struck by a thought which caused him to take from his pocket the smaller bunch of notes, and detach the one which bore the woman's piteous prayer for mercy in heaven. This he put in his waistcoat-pocket and went on.

The young lady received him upstairs with her former distant courtesy, but once in the clock-room, she held out her hand for him to take, and said merely, "Well?"

Thomas looked about him meaningly.

"No," she said divining his glance, "impossible. This, you observe, is an annexe. No one can come near

save by that passage, and it creaks to the lightest foot."

"Then I will begin to polish the clock," he answered.

"Look at my eyes," she said, setting herself before him. "I have not slept."

"Why? What have you to do with love-tales dead and gone?"

"As much as you have to do with ancient clocks. You speak worshipfully of clocks, imagine them alive, give them souls, come here like a returned spirit, draw secrets from them, probe my mother's heart and mine; and now, will you, like blank fate, keep silence, and hold the dead and living uneasily in your power?"

"You may read as I have done," he said.

"Ay; but not understand like you."

"How old are you?" he asked suddenly.

"Twenty-two."

"What month and year were you born in?"

"In 1788, on the 14th of February."

"St. Valentine's Day?"

"Doubtless; what then?"

"Nothing; nothing at all. Listen. Your mother was younger than you now are when she loved and was loved by a youth called Archibald Dennistoun. They wrote beautiful letters to each other, full of pure affection and hope. But the youth was a soldier, a Prince Charlie's man, and followed his king abroad. He got mixed up in political intrigues in the Stuart cause when it was already dead, past all hope of resurrection. For his faith's sake he loved it the more. That is why your mother also came to France. He was seized in England, tried, imprisoned, his estates confiscated, himself ruined. All that is in the letters, and the last from prison is the highest, bonniest scoff at fortune one could wish to read.

Your mother was to wait till time or fortune set him free. When or how he was liberated appears not, but it is clear he found her out in Geneva here twenty—I mean, many years after, and he seems to have haunted her. Honestly I doubt not; never fear it, Miss Dundas. And then it would seem he went away for ever. That is all. And now, will you follow my advice?"

"What is it?"

"True, blind promises were never Scots dealing. Put everything back in its place, and never disturb it again. Do you say yes?"

"Yes."

"Now let me wax the case and go. Shortly I return to Scotland. I have seen all the Swiss can do, and I can do as good as his best at home. But look ye, Esmé Dundas, you are Scots, true Scots; and for a word out of your mouth Thomas Cathro would cast himself unthinking into Geneva lake and be dead."

"Put everything back," she said, "I will obey you."

He opened the panel-door, lifted the secret covers, and producing the packets of letters laid them reverently in their old hiding-place. "But first look at this," he said, drawing forth her mother's miniature; "who is that like?" And he gazed upon the girl with subdued but unabashed delight. Tears came to her eyes as she looked on the picture. "And then this," he continued, handing her the young soldier's portrait. "Look at it well. Birth, gallant thoughts, gentry breeding. Why should worse men be happy?"

"What mean you by 'worse men'?" she asked quickly.

"Pooh," he answered scornfully, "see how we live now, with easy bread from day to day, hunting foxes or making clocks, with never a thing to rouse us or make the blood run;

stamping out political ideas for fear some few should lose their lives in honest strife. What, if I wished to win a lady's love as this gallant did, what, I say, should I turn to, what try, what dare, what achieve? What for did ye require me to mend history—haunted clocks, and what for give me these letters to read? Could you not leave me alone in peace with my trade? I'll make watches with him that breathes; but what stuff would that be to brag of in a maid's ear? I'll think my ain think, an' be sure o't,—pardon me the Scots: I will think my own thoughts, and know them true against any man; but in what cause shall any one send me to whirl a sword? And who will weep my setting out, that will be safe home the same night by set o' sun?"

The girl stood gazing at him, half amazed, half admiring. He replaced the inner lid and the jewel-tray. "What old ballad was that my mother used to make me read to her about True Thomas?" she asked gently.

"Ballad me no ballads," he answered fiercely; "this is not a ballad age, Miss Dundas." Then in a softer tone he continued: "That lid is closed for ever to you. I have told you true. Uncover not a dead love; it will fire your heart. Put back the ring there, and the hair here, and let your mother's spirit rest. Spirits are bad companions for mortals. Your own hands shall put down this last cover. Well done! When you and this clock by any chance are like to part, then open this and burn the contents. Other virtue the clock has none. Cathro was a handcraftsman; he but made the shell to hold a love-tale, and for a spirit to haunt. You may say now the case is waxed. I'll wax no more of it, and none can tell. Shortly, and I am off for Scotland. 'Tis a long journey there, as I shall make it. Say good-bye to me, Thomas

Cathro, clockmaker, and, if you will, wish me well."

He half turned to go, and she looked at him with a confused countenance, saying in a low voice: "Yesterday you spoke plainer; I knew your meaning. Did I tell you I am my own mistress, and have a portion of my own?"

"I am glad to hear it. Give it to no man. Money makes them monkeys. Good-bye."

"But—but you have done me a service."

"I am paid."

"How?"

"Miss Dundas, there is no blood in ye but is pure Scots. Your eye has the light of the loch and the shadow of the mountain in it at once. For the glance of it I would do much more than mend a clock."

"You have been a friend to me."

"Trow me still, but let me go."

"You must take something from me; something of my own; something I shall miss."

"I could choose something you alone can give and would not miss."

"Then do."

"You give it me? I dare not name it."

"Yes; if I may."

He put his hand on her shoulder and turned to the window, she also obeying the movement. It seemed to her that her spirit at that moment was entirely bent to willing obedience. The hand that lay on her shoulder held her as in a charm. With the disengaged arm he made a wide sweep to direct her eyes, and in a deep stirred voice said: "You see the lake, and the mountains, and the blue sky, and all that is vast, moving, and wonderful, well then"—and he suddenly folded her in his arms and kissed her on the lips twice, then turned and went away ere she could speak.

Next day Thomas Cathro left

Geneva by the diligence in the early morning and disappeared into the turmoil of war that vexed Europe. Where he went, how existed, or what were his adventures, no one ever knew, for there was none to care, save that young girl's heart he left behind so little comprehended.

After two years spent in finding out and corresponding with relatives in Scotland, Esmé Leblanc proceeded to Edinburgh with only her old maid-servant for companion. There she took up her abode for a time, and ever in secret seemed to burn on her lips the imprint of two entrancing kisses, and a world of passion in her heart, while she prosecuted inquiries with unwearying ingenuity about one Thomas Cathro, watch and clock-maker. She feigned reasons to the Edinburgh shopkeepers, and even described him. One old merchant told her that Cathro was a famous maker of clocks in days long gone, and that as recently as fifty years one of the name still followed the pursuit somewhere in Fife. That was all she ever learned; and she returned sadly to Geneva lest perhaps he might go back there to see her, for somehow she was persuaded that he, no more than she, would ever forget. She was sure that never since the world began, or love had a name, had there been two such kisses as those that Thomas Cathro took and left.

IV.

It was three years later, about a month after Waterloo, that Thomas Cathro walked into Edinburgh High Street, erect, bronzed, travel-worn, with a deep scar on his temple; and entering the Bank of Scotland inquired if the five hundred pounds he had sent three years previously were still on deposit in his name. Finding

the money secure and his title clear, he retired to his native town, where he took a little house in the central street and set up a business as clockmaker. In the years that ensued he found he was in no wise dependent upon the wants of the place for occupation. Work came to him from all quarters, particularly from the great shops of the larger towns. He executed whatever was committed to him with such thoroughness and skill that he soon established for himself a wide fame in his handicraft, and other men became rich on the improvements which he introduced quietly and without proprietary claim. For no recompense and at no man's demand would he consent to hurry, but parcelled out his day with method and deliberation. A portion of it he devoted to works of his own conception, principally long case-clocks, and timepieces for niches. These he designed and finished entirely with his own brain and hands, case and mechanism being constructed and fitted with genial patience and wise elaboration. He sold them always as if with regret, by preference to some private person, and only reluctantly to the representatives of business houses in Edinburgh or Glasgow. A chief pleasure to him was a commission from some laird or country gentleman, who desired a clock for a particular position in his house. On such occasions Thomas Cathro would go to view the room or hall, and in due time produce a piece of work whose carving, shape, and adornments harmonised to the best of his skill with the position it was destined to occupy. If the result did not seem to himself satisfactory he was the first to say so; but if it met with his own approval and did not please the purchaser, then would Thomas remove the clock and pay no further heed to his client.

With the passing years he continued

to inhabit, without change other than what subtle time works, his little two-storied house, which was kept clean and orderly by the daily visitation of an elderly woman, whom he called 'Lizbeth. She made his midday and evening meals; his breakfast of oatmeal porridge he cooked himself. Into his work-room up stairs she was not permitted to go. A trap-door in the flooring enabled him to lower to the ground-level the long clocks when finished. The roof was crowned with a little turret fashioned by himself, in which he had set up a four-dialled clock that gave the time of day to the townfolk, and by it they set their watches and governed their doings as confidently as by the sun itself. It had a clear silver-toned quarter-chime, and a resonant tenor bell for the hours. When the town lay quiet in the dead of night the fine harmony of its proclamation charmed with mystery the ear of many a half-sleeping child, or woke the dormant sentiments of ripe age, as only sweet bells can.

And so the years ran on. Old 'Lizbeth had died giving place to her daughter who bore the same name, and rendered Thomas Cathro the same services. Age was upon him; seventy years would soon complete their tale, yet still he was the same grave, self-centred man. The eyes were yet luminous and soft when in repose; but when he spoke the deep fire broke from them, and all his features bent to the sense of what he said, which was ever to the purpose, somewhat laconic, but touched every now and again by some ardent out-of-the-way word, which he would launch with a decisive gesture. At such times one remarked particularly the deep scar over the left temple, which the clockmaker had brought back from his travels. The educated delighted in his company when they

could tempt him abroad, for he had moments of conversation in which his words made the veritable image and presentment of the thing he spoke of. Such were those in which he would describe the assault on Badajoz, the struggle at Quatre Bras, the fierce Sunday at Waterloo ; also, what colours the Alpine peaks take in the morning sun, and the sheen and shadow of Geneva Lake in the moonlight.

To the poor he was a steadfast, uninquiring friend. Tinkers, ne'er-do-wells, girls in trouble over neglected matrimony, all knew him for a midnight benefactor. Indeed, over all womankind he exercised a strange fascination. One sweet girl, heiress to an ancient name, who stopped her carriage at his door one day to leave him her watch for repairs, and stayed to talk, asked him to tell her how he came by the scar on his temple. Leading her gently to the window, he said, "Stand in the light," and after gazing steadfastly in her face, continued : "I will tell ye, for ye have eyes like one I knew long ago. And it was for such another (though I knew her not) that I got the mark, in saving her from a ruffian soldier in Badajoz. And so, for your e'en's sake and your own, I will put a braw new movement in your ladyship's watch." His face changed from fire to sadness, as he added with soft supplication : "You would do an old man a favour never to pass his door," gazing still in the young face.

So passed into age Thomas Cathro, till one day the carrier's van stopped at his door, bringing for him a long box marked *Clock, with great care*, and a letter which had evidently been recommended with special precautions, for the carrier brought forth a form of receipt to which he required the signature of Thomas Cathro, whose name it bore. Judging it to be

merely a commission from Edinburgh, the old clockmaker laid it aside and went on with the task he had then in hand. When evening came, and his frugal supper was over, he lit the candle and broke the seal. Before he had read a word of the contents, a strange unexplained memory came over him of the letters he had read by candlelight in Geneva so many years gone past. Why at that moment his recollection should revert to that episode, which had dangled in his heart all these years like a broken, unknit strand, he knew not, but he read without surprise, as if they were an expected message, these words : "I have discovered you at last, Thomas Cathro. Forty-five years ago I came to Edinburgh and sought you in vain, and you never knew. As time with me was fast running out, I tried once more, and with joy I hear of you. The unwitting messenger was young Lady Balmeath. She repeated something you said about her eyes and those of one you knew long ago. They were mine you meant, Thomas, were they not ? I too have been faithful. See how I obey you ; I send you the clock. Deal with it as you only know how, so that we may meet again where time, as you said, is not measured. I return to Switzerland for all that remains of my life. You have been to me a spirit so long that I will not know you now save so. Therefore I do not say 'good-bye,' but rather 'hasten.' Esme Dundas." To this there was added : "I stopped the clock at nine on the morning of Friday. When it came from Switzerland I carefully made up the time it lost as you showed me how."

There was a soft youthful light in the clockmaker's eyes as he unscrewed the box. Reverently he uplifted the clock and set it against the wall in a vacant space. All was still

in the little room as he opened the panel door, but the silence spoke to him so that the tears ran from his eyes. "Esmé," he called softly into the hollow space, "Esmé," and the sound, striking on some vibratory part of the mechanism, returned a soft musical tone for answer. He carefully folded her letter, and lifting the secret cover laid it there beside the ring, replacing the lid. Then, as for four days and the due number of odd hours, he alternately wound up and exhausted the movement, finally setting the hands to the proper time, and touching the pendulum. As the clock resumed its measured beat he raised his hands, and speaking to it as before said: "You will tell me when she is no more. Answer, answer, I say; you will tell me when she goes." Again it seemed to him some soft melodious response came from the mysterious interior, and he closed the door.

Morning and night for more than a year Thomas Cathro laid his intent ear against the clock, listening as if for an expected sign, and making always some low comment as if he spoke to one who heard. In that year he changed greatly. His hair which had preserved much of its colour, grew silver white, his face softened into a shadowed calmness and as he passed along the road to church people remarked that he seemed ever to be gazing on something afar off. His benefactions increased so that the parish minister reproved him for his indiscriminate charity to worthless persons, to which Thomas Cathro's answer, some days later, was to hand him a bank draft for a hundred pounds, to be distributed according to the minister's methods. "Between us," he said, "we may help all sorts. My way, sir, is perhaps too primitive. I have no skill in scientific charity, and am apt to think only that a hungry

sinner craves food, and a frozen reprobate some firing."

Meanwhile the clock had aroused the curiosity of the few privileged to see it. It was a striking object with its case of dark carved oak softened to a deep lustre by time, and dial of mellow-hued brass chased with curious designs. The hands simulating wavy serpents, whose heads were pierced by the centre-pin, seemed to quiver with life as they crept along the circle of the figured hours, surrounded by the graven signs of the zodiac. Its deep brassy tick had a strange echoing persistence about it, the beat of a conscious thing, working not by thoughtless mechanism, but sternly engaged in the solemn task of marking out the passing away of time.

Some envied its possession, some dared to hint at its price. To all his answer was merely silence, accompanied in the case of the latter by a stern flash of the eye.

One day 'Lizbeth said to him: "The young laird o' Easterfield was wishing me to take a guinea to persuade you to sell him that old clock; but I am not caring for that kind o' money, and I said you could speak brawly for yourself!"

"And what said he then, 'Lizbeth?'"

"He said you wadna speak on the subject."

"He that buys that clock buys me, 'Lizbeth; and you know a man dare not sell his own soul, or the soul of another."

"Losh, Maister Cathro, we speak o' clocks, not souls."

"Both, 'Lizbeth, both. But you will not say that or anything like it to the young laird. Say just the clock is not for sale."

And faithful 'Lizbeth, after gazing meditatively at her old master for some moments, went on with her work.

Spring had come, and 'Lizbeth who

was laying the dinner-cloth said to the clockmaker: "You will be going out more now that the fine weather is coming."

"Ay," he answered, "there's fine weather coming, 'Lizbeth."

She was startled at that moment to see him rise from his chair and approach the clock with a face of intent earnestness. With one hand uplifted to enjoin silence, he listened for some seconds, then opened the panel-door, bending his ear yet closer. He shut it, and without moving said: "'Lizbeth, I am an old man. My time is near. If you find me dead soon, promise to do what ye will find written on a paper I shall leave."

"But, Mr. Cathro, ye must not—"

"Promise, 'Lizbeth. I do not bribe ye, but ye will find your wage go on the same when I am away; promise."

"Sure enough I promise, Mr. Cathro."

"Very well, remember."

That night Thomas Cathro stood long listening at the clock-door, and at last went to bed. He had been but two hours asleep, when he leaped up suddenly, and passing rapidly through the open door that led to the parlour, stood before the clock. Its beat was steady for some moments, then there was a blank of sound followed by an irregular quicker throb. It resumed for some seconds, only to again fail in its measured click, and tremble faintly. He opened the front, his face transfigured. "Esmé," he called softly, imploringly. The clock

answered by a succession of quick fluttering beats. "Esmé," he called again, "I am here." The clicking ceased, and the pendulum swung soundless to and fro, while Thomas Cathro with fixed gaze watched it abate slowly and finally stop.

He detached it, rapidly unscrewed the entire mechanism, and with deft hands undid its pins and wheels, making a heap of all the parts. Then he opened the secret place in the pedestal. For the first time he discovered that it formed a box which came clear away from the base of the clock. Into this, among the letters and other relics, he packed the entire mechanism, closed the lid, and fastened it down with screws. Taking a piece of paper he wrote on it these words: *I charge you, Elizabeth, by your promise, to see this box placed in my coffin and buried with me, undisturbed, as it now is.* The box he placed on a chair by the bedside, and himself calmly crept between the sheets, placidly stretching his hands out over the counterpane, and closing his eyes. In the morning 'Lizbeth found him lying so, dead. Three days later the chime of the chapel bell in Geneva rang to her last rest, amid the lamentations of many whom she had befriended, Esmé Dundas-Leblanc; and on the same day, in stern Scottish silence, the earth was heaped over the coffin of Thomas Cathro, at whose feet faithful 'Lizbeth had placed the box, never letting it pass from her eyes until the last.

THE STAR OF THE SEA.

ABOVE the inner arch of the Grande Porte at St. Malo, there is a wide niche where candles burn and a tall painted figure stands; a quaint archaic figure with a Child sitting primly on her outstretched arm, and her full eyelids drooping in an eternal meditation. On either side there are the huge squat towers and the great retreating wall; beneath, there is a little square, with *cafés* at every corner, and a constant crowd coming and going all day long.

The Virgin is there, because she is the guardian and patroness of St. Malo, the watcher at her door; and because in the little square below she can look down upon her children month after month, season after season, in their home-comings and their out-goings, in the autumn that brings them back, in the spring that sends them forth again. She is the protectress of St. Malo, the guardian of the town, as sacred as she is dear and familiar to every true Malouin. But to those whose calling leads them into the constant peril of the sea, she is infinitely more; she walks before them on the waters, her hand is stretched out to them in danger, to save if it may be; she is for them indeed the Star of the Sea, the Gate of Heaven.

It is autumn, and already the Newfoundland fishing-boats are coming back, one by one. There is a saying here, that it is "The wind of St. François that brings home the Terreneuvas;"¹ and surely on the 4th of October, the fête of St. François d'Assisi, there is a fair strong wind

¹ *Terreneuvas*, the local name for the Newfoundland fishermen, as also for their boats.

blowing from the west. In many of the villages round St. Malo, and inland where one can no longer catch sight of the sea, there will be those who turn their faces westward to-day, to greet the wind that has filled the returning sails; in many of the cottages, the goodwife will look to her cider, and tell herself that it must be ready against the *gars* comes home. Perhaps the *gars* is indeed a boy, as the word signifies: perhaps, also, he is a gray-haired man; but to the goodwife who waits for him at home, he is always the *gars*. And she brings out the great arm-chair from the corner, where it has stood unused all the long summer, and sets it by the fire; it is empty still, but she fills it for the present with hope. Outside, the sun shines broadly golden, and the trees wave in the wind; one hears the thud of falling apples, and the ground beneath is variously yellow, or green, or red with them; in the yard there is a scented shining heap of fruit, and the cider-mill is at work. Everywhere there is the rich strong smell of apples in the air; it is autumn, and the Terreneuvas are coming home.

In the dock the quay is clear, waiting for them; it has been empty, save for a stray visitor or so, all the summer. All this month they come in slowly, but the weather is not yet fair for them; perhaps there are storms against which they can make no way, or windless days when the sea is white and still and swims in silver mists: it is not till after All Saints' that each day the Terreneuvas gather and wait in the bay to come in on the tide. They bring with them an overwhelm-

ing stench of salt : everywhere there is salt, the stones, the decks, the waiting carts, are white with it ; and everywhere, too, there are unending piles of salted fish.

And now the great steamer is due ; the steamer that brings a swarming mass of fishermen back from the Banks, blackening her decks and climbing on to her rigging for the first sight of home. First it is a cluster of black spots on the horizon ; then the land draws back on either side, and St. Malo ahead lifts its single spire like a beckoning finger ; then the lighthouse is past and the bay opens, and the steamer sweeps round the breakwater under the walls of the town over which the tall chimneys rise and peer. St. Malo to-day has emptied itself upon the quay, and there rises thence a roar of welcome ; the Terreneuvas,—save for the laggards and the storm-stayed, and those who are waited for, but do not come—are home.

The goodwife is there from her little inland village ; she has tramped in, in her *sabots* that are pointed high at the toes and bound with brass, with her Sunday *coiffe* that is trimmed with lace. She has put on her flowered kerchief and the apron with the wide silk ends ; she wore them all, perhaps, at her marriage, and she brings them out of the chest where they lie, on the great church festivals and for the return of her *gars*. The cider is ready at home, the room swept, and the great arm-chair set close to the fire, the high two-storied box beds have little curtains draped neatly at their windows ; everything is ready and clean and waiting. And before the little plaster Virgin on the chimney shelf there is a bunch of coloured leaves and late flowers or berries, and two tiny tapers which to-night must be lit ; for the good Virgin, the Star of the Sea, has

watched over the *gars*, and has brought him once more safely home.

And there is perhaps a young wife, with a bundle in her arms ; this time last year she was married, and now there is something for her man to see that he has never seen before. She will put it into his arms presently, and he will look at it with a half alarmed delight, and then he will call his mates to come and see, and tell them that it is a boy, *parbleu* ! And he will call it Mousse and talk of taking it with him to the Banks, presently, in a year or two. There are fathers and mothers, friends, sweethearts, children, all waiting eagerly, all there to meet the men that have come home in the great steamer ; and there are some, also, who wear their *coiffes* hanging loose, and covered with a square of black cloth, some, with their eyes dim, who are there to meet those who have not come home. “ He would have been in the steamer too if—” they say brokenly ; and the people about them nod and understand. There are so many, always so many, who do not return.

And now the roads leading into the country are loud with the passage of carts, of all sorts and sizes ; donkey-carts, huge farm waggons, coaches, omnibuses ; they are piled up with great black boxes and baskets of cod ; it is a procession without end. And there is all day long a tramping of innumerable feet ; they are going home, laughing and singing, to wake up the villages that have slept all the summer through ; their *gars* are safe, and it has been a good fishing, and there is even a little money to put in one's pocket over and above the advance that was made to them before they left in spring. For sometimes there is none, and if there has not been good luck at home, it is hard when the men come back to be fed

and kept all the winter in idleness ; though it is not to-day, when they have just landed, that one would think of it.

There is a pilgrimage, in these early days of November, to St. Jouan des Guérets. It starts from the great church of St. Servan, where the men gather about the door ; they have come in from St. Malo, from Dinard, from all the nearer inland villages, where the *gars* have come back safe from the terrible Banks. There are some of them that are gray-haired and weather-worn, and must soon learn to sit at home ; there are young men, there are even boys, who have not yet had time to forget how Brittany smiles in summer ; and there are women, who will have their share in thanksgiving to the Good Lady who has heard their prayers. And here, as on the quay when the steamer comes in, there are also those that come to weep, and who see in all the crowd of men only the one that is not there.

Presently with a shuffle and a clatter, the procession starts upon its way. A young priest from the church and an acolyte bearing the crucifix are leading, and the men follow in an interminable line, their eyes vague with the long-sightedness of the sea, their caps in their hands, and their feet bare, tramping rhythmically ; last of all the women carrying the *sabots* of their men, the great *sabots* that they wear on board the schooners, that they wear even aloft, the great heavy *sabots* of the Terreneuvas. "Hail, Mary, full of grace !" says the young priest in a rapid, business-like monotone, glancing behind him to see that the crowd is following decently and in order ; and along the road rolls the response : "Pray for us, now, and at the hour of death." The sun is shining with the peculiar brilliance of this still autumn weather, the road

is wide and white and dusty. The men's voices, hoarse from the fogs and the winds, rise and fall in the ever recurring responses ; there is a constant tinkle as the chaplets pass through every hand, and the soft rhythmical thud of bare tramping feet.

Half-way, just where the road to St. Jouan des Guérets turns off and climbs the hills that edge the river, there is a tiny ivy-covered chapel, which thrusts a quaint gable upon the road. Upon its steps the acolyte rests the crucifix, and the young priest takes his place beside it ; the men kneel down, bare-headed and bare-footed, and a little further off the women in a white-capped cluster upon the road. Then the hymn rises, the hymn which is peculiarly their own, the hymn of the Terreneuvas ; the one which they sing in joy and in trouble, in life and in death : *Ave ! Maris Stella, Dei Mater Alma !* And on the steps of the little chapel the young priest sings lustily as one whose business it is, and the acolyte steadies the crucifix that glitters in the sun.

Then the line forms again, and the procession winds its way along the river bank, climbing the hill on which St. Jouan des Guérets is set amid trees ; and presently they come in sight of the little church, to which they are making pilgrimage. And all down the line runs a thrill of relief and satisfaction ; the feet that ache step out more briskly, the vague eyes brighten, and there is a movement and a stir, as the chaplet finishes and the litany begins, with its cheerful air and its thundering response, that peals magnificently across the fields. *Sancta Maria !* chants the young priest ; and loudly, almost triumphantly, rings out the answer, *Ora pro nobis !* Then the crowd passes, singing still, into the church, where a quaintly-

painted Virgin stands upon her altar looking down, with a slight wise smile as of one who remembers all things ; about her hang strange offerings, ancient pictures and banners and variously rigged boats, set there by those who come to pray at her feet. But most of all there are boats, of all shapes and sorts, brought by her children, the Terreneuvas. And she looks down, smiling wisely, upon the men that kneel before her, and upon the mass of their up-turned faces, bronzed and worn by the usage of the sea ; and upon the women behind, the white-capped women who carry the great *sabots* of their men, and here and there one who comes empty-handed and has no *sabots* to carry. And perhaps too, in her wisdom, she sees those who are not there, who have stayed behind in the fogs and the storms of the Banks. As the sunshine rushes in at the open door, and the boats and banners about her lift and stir ; as she looks down, wisely smiling, the singing begins again, sweetly, familiarly,—*Hail, Star of the Sea !*

The winter passes on, slowly enough ; but to all whose men go to the fishings, too fast. It is February now, and in the villages about St. Malo there is a commencing stir and movement. The time for love-making and marriage is over ; already one has to think of making ready to depart. The last month will pass so inconceivably fast in a whirl of work, of excitement, even of amusement ; for the Terreneuvas must go, but so long as may be, the Terreneuvas must laugh, or else—

It begins with the Review. Some morning towards the end of February one finds St. Malo full of life and movement, a movement that directs itself steadily towards the Mairie in a constant unending stream. The streets are crowded with a busy, bustling

swarm of men, women, and children ; one looks along them and perceives a bobbing surface of flat blue caps and white *coiffes* of every shape and size. One can count by the shapes of the *coiffes* a score of districts that have emptied themselves upon St. Malo ; everywhere there is noise, bustle, excitement ; this is the beginning of the end, the beginning of the departure.

The men go to the Mairie, where they enter, leaving the square outside full of waiting women and children ; through the windows one can see nothing inside but a dense crowd of blue figures. If one pushes into the vestibule, one hears an official voice reading over the conditions of engagement and the lists of the ship-owners, with whom, in the little *cafés* about the Grand Porte or elsewhere, they have signed bonds. And all who have signed must be here to-day, each to accept the conditions, and to answer, when he hears his name, *Présent*. Slowly, laboriously, list after list is gone through ; first it is perhaps the turn of the Anne-Marie, then of the Dieu-Aide, the Marie-Mère, the Belle-Etoile,—*goëlette* after *goëlette*, schooner after schooner, list after list, a long monotonous succession of names, quaint uncouth Breton names that trip strangely on French tongues ; and always the answering *Présent*. When the lists are called over, not here, but some day next summer, on the Anne-Marie or the Dieu-Aide, or another, there will be those, perhaps, who will not answer to their names. But tomorrow, and every day till the end of the month, the Mairie will be full of men, and the monotonous voice will go on incessantly, reading the lists till all have been gone over, all the five or six thousand names of the men that the Clos-Poulet¹ sends to the Banks.

Those who have answered, who

¹ *Clos-Poulet*, the local name for the district round St. Malo.

have "passed the Review," and whose engagements are formally ratified and registered, go out into the square where the women and children are waiting, and move on again, not in a single stream but in diverging groups to the various offices of the ship-owners to receive their advance. The advance is calculated on an average season; when the ship-owner finds himself out of pocket in the autumn after a poor fishing, he makes it up by beating down the men on their next agreements; it is always the year after a bad season that the men gain less. But ordinarily the advance is covered by the result of the fishings; and not seldom there is even a little more to be distributed among them when they return home. It is a serious matter, this, of receiving the advance; a sum of £16, £18, or £20 is to the Terreneuvas a fortune. Out of it he must get what he needs, to add to, or renew, his outfit for the Banks; the rest goes to the mother, the wife, the children, for them to live on during the summer, and to put by, if they can, a little for next winter, when the *gars* will be at home again, hungry, to be fed. And it is partly to buy what is necessary, and partly to watch over the remainder lest too much of it find its way into wineshop or *café*, that the women come always with their men to the Review. One can watch them in little groups of threes and fours, the *gars* with his wife or mother, and perhaps a couple of children trotting behind, going from shop to shop bargaining, cheapening, spending an hour to save a single sou; and the shops make ready for them by hanging out temptingly all their wares. Consequently the streets are gay; here are great yellow oilskins and sou'-westers; brilliant green blankets and striped rugs; there are the stout cottons to make the bags of chaff which are all their bedding, in

gaudy checks of orange, red, and blue. There are blue jerseys, flat woollen caps, huge knitted comforters, and padded gloves; there are high boots coming up to the knee, and green or scarlet socks, and piles of great heavy *sabots*. And all the smaller shops have set out shelves spread with cheap sweetmeats and oranges, coloured paper flowers and common toys; or with bright ribbons and gaily-coloured pins and rings and brooches; while up and down the street men pass, bearing trays or baskets and selling trifles of all sorts, which they cry monotonously. *Ki-kiri-Ki!* chants the merchant of caramel apples, with his forest of scarlet balls, perched on slender sticks, *Ki-kiri-Ki!* and the seller of *berlingots*, which are sweetmeats, responds,

À la vanille pour les p'tit's filles,
Au citron pour les garçons—

enumerating his wares in a rude but tuneful rhyme; and there are all the other odd trifles which are sold at a Brittany fair; "Japanese eggs," "tongues of my mother-in-law," lobsters, perhaps, in scarlet wool, and black Madagascar monkeys dancing at the end of a string; dolls that are mere shapeless wedges of wood; serpents for throwing, *confetti*, bunches of paper flowers; and certainly somewhere, perhaps in the arching of the gate, a long row of pictures set up against the wall, indescribably religious, and an open umbrella full of small ones, splendidly red and blue and green,—"All at a sou, *la Bonne Vierge, la Vierge des Terreneuvas.*"

And outside on the quay the fair has begun: there are booths, lotteries, roundabouts; there are huge baskets of *cimereaux*, the quaintly shaped biscuits that have been made without change for something like a thousand years in this corner of High Brittany; there are sausages smoking hot, and

galettes, the flat buckwheat cakes, which should be eaten soaked in cider. The fair has begun, the fair which means that the Terreneuvas have money in their pockets, and wives or sweethearts or children for whom something must be bought; the fair that will not finish till the last of the boats has started for the Banks. And along the quay to the ferry-boat, and on the roads leading inland, there is a cheerful traffic as the day draws in: the *gars* with his concertina and a paper flower pinned to his coat, playing interminably, singing in snatches; the women laden with parcels, grave with the consciousness of much money in their pockets and the nearness of departure; and the children, their hands filled with toys, cakes, sweets, wholly content and uninquisitive. For them, at least, the Review is a day of days, not to be forgotten.

Once the Review is passed the lading goes on briskly; and in the dock, on the quay beside which the schooners are drawn up three deep, there is a continuous bustle. There is an incessant sound of hammering, the ringing of iron upon iron, the shrill roar of many voices; there are men painting the hulks, repairing the dories, reshipping the masts; men slung in the rigging, men clattering in *sabots* from vessel to vessel, the thump of falling boxes, the creak of innumerable cranes. There is a noisy engine snorting as it drags a row of trucks along the quay; waggons come up drawn by long lines of horses; the piles of boxes, barrels, bundles waiting to be taken on board grow steadily bigger. And here and there, in the midst of the confusion, peaceably at home, a little dog is coiled upon its mat, a cat licks itself imperturbably. They, too, are going "out there."

A gray-haired sailor with a cigarette behind his ear finds a moment's time to talk. "We start late," he

says, with a nod to the nearest brig; "but we shall be out as soon as any, the *Enfant de Marie* sails fast. Yes the last season was a good one. There were few storms; but I lost my two sons. They went away in a dory and,—they did not come back. They were good lads." They did not come back. That is the requiem, the epitaph of so many among them. Their dories pass into the fog, their *goëlettes* go down in the storms; perhaps there is word sent home, or perhaps, in the autumn, the women wait daily for their *gars*, and they do not come back.

The gray-haired sailor has a story to tell of the Terreneuvas and the dock.

One of them had left at home, at St. Malo, a wife and a little daughter, under the protection of the good Virgin who watches over those who must stay behind. And before he started, he promised his little daughter that he would bring her, when he came home, a great doll with blue eyes and yellow curls like the English children she saw in summer. And lest he should forget his promise, he bought the doli as soon as he reached St. Pierre et Miquelon and laid it in the top of his long black box, along with the little plaster Virgin. But one day he too went away in his dory, and did not come back; and when the boats returned in late autumn, there was only the long black box for his wife who waited for her *gars*.

It was Christmas Eve, they say, and the little daughter woke up in the darkness. Her mother was asleep; the box had come home only that night and she had spent herself in tears; she did not wake when the child got up and scrambled towards the thing that stood in the corner. It had not been there when she went to sleep, but surely, surely she had seen it before. The lid was open, and

in the top, beside the little plaster Virgin, lay a great doll with blue eyes and yellow curls like the English children that came in summer. "Papa, papa," she cried. "Papa, where are you? You have come home, since you have brought my doll." The mother was spent with tears and slept; the child wandered out into the night with the doll in her arms, calling always, "Papa, papa!" And in front of her she saw the masts of the *goëlettes*, and the gleam of the water, and she went on, on, calling always "Papa, papa!" The bells of the churches rang out the Christmas chimes, and at home the weary mother still slept. But in the morning a little figure floated in the dock, a little figure that clasped its arms about a great doll with blue eyes and yellow hair like the English children that come in summer.

Day by day, once March has come, the *goëlettes* slip out upon the tide; the quay grows clearer, while in the bay the schooners lie at anchor, to take on board their men and finally to set sail. It is fine favourable weather, the sea freshly purple under a clear young sun; the boats lift in the water as if in haste to be off. And day by day the men come in from the country with their bedding and their long black boxes, with much noise but less sobriety; they stagger down from the town, full of laughter and liquor, playing their concertinas, shouting, singing; and the *gendarmes* go from wineshop to *café* to seek out the laggards, who at the last would so fain stay at home. While all the time, on the quays of St. Malo, the fair goes on, feverishly gay, because there are still Terreneuvas at home with money to spend, and the Terreneuvas must laugh, or else——

Towards the end of March a couple of big steamers come into the bay, and pass with the first tide into the outer

basin, where they make fast to the quays. They will start at once for the Banks, with all who are bound for St. Pierre et Miquelon; between them they have to take out some three thousand men. There is a constantly increasing bustle about them; the black boxes are taken on board by hundreds, the bedding lies upon the quay in many-coloured heaps. They start to-day with the evening tide, and St. Malo turns itself bodily outside its walls to see them off.

Round the steamers and along the quay there is a huge unceasing noise and movement. The organs of the *carrousels* thunder; every booth has its trumpet, cymbals, or drum; there is an indescribable merriment which is yet not gay. Sweetmeats are flung, serpents are thrown; there are men pushing through the press, selling pencils, notebooks, toys, cakes, chaplets. Near the steamers a lane is kept open with difficulty through the dense mass of people, and the men who are embarking pass along it. The *gars* turns with a last kiss and embrace to the men who have come with him so far—he has left his women on the outskirts—and then passes on, with a struggle, to the gangway; he is flushed and noisy and perchance has a bulging pocket. The *douaniers* stop him and search him rapidly; a bottle appears and is tossed over the side, where it strikes against the quay with a crash of breaking glass. The crowd breaks into a shrill appreciative shout of laughter, and the *gars* is on board, flushed still, but a little shamefaced and less triumphant. At least he, and the others, will presently be sober; and the steamer will not be for the whole of her voyage, as sometimes happened in former years, no better than an insufficient cage for some two thousand drunken fishermen.

Now it is time and the noise

grows deafening; the steam-whistles roar plaintively a call to the laggards; the crowd grows denser, late-comers fight their way through it, and friends yell loud messages to those already on board. The last boxes are dumped into the hold, the last bedding flung over the side; the good *abbé* who goes yearly with his men to share their dangers, and comfort and nurse them when he may, lifts his hat and waves it, as he stands, a tall black figure, upon the bridge; a last roar from the whistles, a last shout from the crowd, and the vessel swings out slowly with a strip of water widening between her and the quay.

Then there is a race to the breakwater, where the women are crowded already, to watch the steamers rounding out into the bay. They pass so close that one can see the faces of the men clustered upon the decks, upon the bulwarks, upon the rigging; one can see, presently, the *abbé* lift his hat again and wave it. And then three thousand voices begin to sing the hymn of the Terreneuvas, the *Ave Maris Stella*, and as they pass on slowly into the open, it floats back like a farewell,—*Felix celi porta.*

The women on the breakwater go home quietly; there is time enough for tears. And St. Malo goes home too, and *Notre Dame de la Grand Porte* looks down continually on all who pass beneath. The dock is empty and the quay silent; the water runs like an empty lane to the church among the trees at the far end. The villages of the *Clos-Poulet* are silent too, and the goodwife puts back the great chair in the corner, to stay there till the autumn, when, please God and the good Virgin, the *gars* will come home to sit in it again.

And outside now the sky is blue, and the hedgerows purple with the

sap rising in the twigs; there are primroses yellowing the banks. It is spring, and the Terreneuvas are away.

May has come, and it is the day of the Confirmation. St. Malo is gay with white and blue banners; the sun shines with the peculiar radiance which it keeps here for holidays, and the streets are so clean that they will not soil the whitest slippers of all the white-clad girls. Down the steps into the church they troop, white from head to foot, in a long procession; they sit in the nave, where the light from the window of the Mary Chapel falls and touches them with flecks of red and blue or gold. In the dark arches of the church all the lights are lit, and there are circles and crowns and pyramids of twinkling candles; the great altar is ablaze with them, and everywhere there is a network of lights starred against the gloom. And on his throne in the chancel, beneath a purple canopy, sits the Cardinal Archbishop.

In the nave where the light from the window of the Mary Chapel falls, the girls sit, a close mass of white, flecked with blue and crimson; and on the other side the boys, with white scarves knotted about their arms. Among the boys there are men, gray-haired and weather-worn, their faces bronzed and their eyes vague with the long-sightedness of the sea. Year after year, each time that the Cardinal Archbishop has come to St. Malo, they have been away, "out there," in the *goëlettes*; year after year, since, as little lads, they first went to the fishings. It is so long ago that they can scarcely remember. Now the time has come when they must stay behind and let the *goëlettes* sail without them, for they have grown old and earned their idleness. And so, though it is May, they are at

home, here among the white young girls and the round-faced boys, and they look sometimes to where in the Mary Chapel a ship hangs, and in the movement of the air lifts and dips as if she felt the water splashing round her sides ; they look at it, and at the figure beyond that holds out her hands as if in greeting. These are the Terreneuvas who have come home.

Summer is past, and St. Malo is preparing for winter ; but the sunshine lies hot on her ramparts and her quays, and the leaves on the trees have not yet lost all their green. Again the town is gaily dressed ; the streets are bright with banners and streamers, and the bells in the single pointing spire ring out merrily. It is the Feast of the Rosary. Slowly down from the church the long procession winds, passing the Grande Porte which is splendid with a blaze of candles in the niche above the gate, where the figure stands with the Child in her arms, looking down eternally ; and as one glances up at her, almost one sees her full lids quiver, and her narrow mouth lift itself into a smile. Slowly the procession passes on to the quay outside the walls, slowly, for it is long and the children who walk in it are young, and the priests and sisters who guide them are few among so many.

There are girls in white, tiny children crowned with flowers, elder ones in long enveloping veils ; group after group, they carry embroidered banners and emblems of the creed, the Pater-noster, the Ave Maria. There are glittering statuettes, the lilies of the Annunciation, the cradle of the Nativity ; group after group with countless banners, an endless line of children, of girls in white and boys in red ; and then a huge rosary of moss and flowers carried shoulder high by tall

white-veiled figures. And just before the *curé* and the choir, a knot of tiny boys dressed as sailors in white and blue, carrying a dainty ship, the Star of the Sea.

Slowly the procession moves on till it reaches an altar built up against the ramparts, a mass of rocks, a boat dashing up against them, the foot draped with long grass like sea-weed ; and on the rock the Virgin standing with hands outstretched as if in greeting. The boat is filled with tiny boys, dressed like the others in white and blue as sailors ; and as the crowd presses up and the procession passes along slowly, the boys in the boat kneel and, lifting their hands towards the Virgin, they begin to sing : *Ave Maris Stella, Dei Mater Alma !*

The sun shines brilliantly on the white veils of the girls, on the banners, the statuettes, on the tall crucifix ; it shines on the upturned faces of the crowd, on the rocks and the boat, on the white Virgin and the little children that kneel and sing to her. And beyond, it shines on the sea, so blue to-day, so infinitely calm.

There was a schooner came home lately bringing with it some men from a *goëlette* wrecked in a storm off the Banks. They had been picked up half-dead floating on spars ; and they said that in the storm, themselves beyond hope, they had seen another boat sink near them. She had gone down with her crew kneeling on her deck and singing, "*Ave, Maris Stella ! Hail, Star of the Sea !*" The name of her was not known. Only she was lost, she and her crew that sang as these children were singing now ; and who, perhaps long ago, when they were little lads, had themselves been chosen to sing and kneel in the boat dashing upon the mimic rocks at the Feast of the Rosary. She was lost, she and her crew. These are the Terreneuvas who do not come home.

THE REMARKABLES OF CAPTAIN HIND.

JAMES HIND, the Master Thief of England, the fearless Captain of the Highway, was born at Chipping Norton in 1618. His father, a simple saddler, had so poor an appreciation of his son's magnanimity, that he apprenticed him to a butcher; but Hind's destiny was to imbrue his hands in other than the blood of oxen, and he had not long endured the restraint of this common craft, when forty shillings, the gift of his mother, purchased him an escape, and carried him triumphant and ambitious to London. Even in his negligent schooldays he had fastened upon a fitting career. A born adventurer, he sought only enterprise and command; if a commission in the army failed him then he would risk his neck upon the road, levying his own tax and imposing his own conditions. To one of his dauntless resolution an opportunity need never have lacked, yet he owed his first preferment to a happy accident. Surprised one evening in a drunken brawl, he was hustled into the Poultry Counter, and there made acquaintance over a fresh bottle with Robert Allen, one of the chief rogues in the Park, and a ruffian who had mastered every trick in the game of plunder. A dexterous pickpocket, an intrepid blade, Allen had also the keenest eye for untested talent, and he detected Hind's shining qualities after the first glass. No sooner had they paid the price of release, than Hind was admitted of his comrade's gang; he took the oath of fealty, and by way of winning his spurs was bid to hold up a traveller on Shooter's Hill. Granted his choice

of a mount, he straightway took the finest in the stable, with that keen perception of horseflesh which never deserted him, and he confronted his first victim in the liveliest of humours. There was no falter in his voice, no hint of inexperience in his manner, when he shouted the battle-cry, *Stand and deliver!* The horseman, fearful of his life, instantly surrendered a purse of ten sovereigns, as to the most practised assailant on the road. Whereupon Hind, with a flourish of ancient courtesy, gave him twenty shillings to bear his charges. "This," said he, "is for handsake sake"; and thus they parted with mutual compliment and content.

Allen was overjoyed at his novice's prowess. "Did you not see," he cried to his companions, "how he robbed him with a grace?" And the trooper deserved his captain's compliment, since his art was perfect from the first. In bravery as in gallantry he knew no rival, and he plundered with so elegant a style that only a churlish victim could resent the extortion. He would as soon have turned his back upon an enemy, as demand a purse uncovered. For every man he had a quip, for every woman a compliment; nor did he ever conceal the truth that the means were for him as important as the end. Though he loved money, he still insisted that it should be yielded in freedom and good temper; and while he emptied more coaches than any man in England, he was never at a loss for admirers. Under Allen he served a brilliant apprenticeship; enrolled as a servant, he speedily sat

at the master's right hand, and his nimble genius devised many a pretty campaign. For a while success dogged the horse-hoofs of the gang ; with wealth came immunity, and not one of the warriors had the misfortune to look out upon the world through a grate. They robbed with dignity, even with splendour. Now they would drive forth in a coach and four, carrying with them a whole armoury of offensive weapons ; now they would take the road apparelléd as noblemen, and attended at a discreet distance by their proper servants. But recklessness brought the inevitable disaster, and it was no less a personage than Oliver Cromwell who overcame the hitherto invincible Allen. A handful of the gang attacked Oliver on his way from Huntingdon, but the marauders were outmatched, and most of them forced to surrender. Allen, taken red-handed, swung at Tyburn ; but Hind, with his better mount and dexter horsemanship, rode clear away.

The loss of his friend was a lesson in caution, and henceforth Hind resolved to follow his craft in solitude. He had embellished his native talent with all the instruction that others could impart, and he reflected that he who rode alone neither ran risk of discovery nor had any need to share his booty. Thus he began his easy, untrammelled career, making time and space of no account by his rapid, fearless journeys. Now he was prancing the moors of Yorkshire, now he was scouring the plain between Gloucester and Tewkesbury ; but, wherever he went, he had a purse in his pocket and a jest on his tongue. To recall his prowess is to ride with him under the open sky along the fair beaten road, to put up at the white, busy posthouse, to drink unnumbered pints of mulled sack with the round-bellied landlord, to exchange boastful stories

over the hospitable fire, and to go forth in the morning with the joyous uncertainty of travel upon you. Failure alone lay outside his experience ; and he presently became at once the terror and the hero of England.

Not only was his courage conspicuous, luck also was his constant companion ; and a happy bewitchment protected him for three years against the possibility of harm. He had been lying at Hatfield, at the George Inn, and had set out betimes for London. As he neared the town gate, an old beldame begged an alms of him, and though Hind, not liking her ill-favoured visage, would have spurred forward, the beldame's glittering eye held his horse motionless. "Good woman," cried Hind, flinging her a crown, "I am in haste ; pray let me pass." "Sir," answered the witch, "three days I have awaited your coming. Would you have me lose my labour now ?" Thus, with Hind's assent, the Sphinx delivered her message. "Captain Hind," said she, "your life is beset with constant danger, and since from your birth I have wished you well, my poor skill has devised a perfect safeguard." With that she gave him a small box, containing what might have been a sundial or compass. "Watch this star," quoth she, "and when you know not your road, follow its guidance. So shall you be preserved from every peril for the space of three years. Thereafter, if you still have faith in my devotion, seek me again, and I will renew the virtue of the charm." Hind took the box joyfully, but when he turned to murmur a word of gratitude, the witch struck his nag's flanks with a white wand ; the horse leaped vehemently forward, and Hind saw his benefactress no more. Henceforth, however, a warning voice spoke to him as plainly as did the demon to Socrates, and had he but obeyed the

beldame's admonition, he might have escaped a violent death. For he passed the last day of the third year at the siege of Youghall, where he was wounded, and whence he presently regained England, to his own undoing.

So long as he kept to the road, his life was one long comedy. His wit and address were inexhaustible, and fortune never found him at a loss. He would avert suspicion with the tune of a psalm, as when, habited as a pious shepherd, he broke a traveller's head with his crook, and deprived him of his horse. An early adventure was to force a pot-valiant parson, who had drunk a cup too much at a wedding, into a rarely farcical situation. Hind, having robbed two gentlemen's servants of a round sum, went ambling along the road until he encountered a parson. "Sir," said he, "I am closely pursued by robbers. You, I dare swear, will not stand by and see me plundered." Before the parson could protest, he thrust a pistol into his hand, and bade him fire it at the first comer, while he rode off to raise the county. Meanwhile, the rifled travellers came up with the parson, who straightway, mistaking them for thieves, fired without effect, and then, riding forward, flung the pistol in the face of the nearest. Thus the parson of the parish was dragged before the magistrate, while Hind, before his dupe could furnish an explanation, had placed many a mile between himself and his adversaries.

But, though he could on occasion show a clean pair of heels, Hind was never lacking in valiance; and another time, meeting a traveller with a hundred pounds in his pocket, he challenged him to fight there and then, staked his own horse against the hundred pounds, and declared that he should be the winner who drew first blood. "If I win," said the magnani-

mous Captain, "I will give you ten pounds for your journey. If you win, you shall give me your servant's horse." The terms were instantly accepted, and in two minutes Hind had run his adversary through the sword-arm. Then, finding that his victim was but a poor squire, bound for London to pay his composition, he not only returned his money, but sought him out a surgeon, and gave him the best dinner the countryside could afford. Thus it was his pleasure to act as a providence, many a time robbing Peter to pay Paul, and stripping the niggard that he might indulge his fervent love of generosity. Of all usurers and bailiffs he had a wholesome horror, and merry was the prank which he played upon the extortionate money-lender of Warwick. Riding on an easy rein through the town, Hind heard a tumult at a street corner, and, inquiring the cause, was told that an inn-keeper was arrested by a thievish usurer for a paltry twenty pounds. Dismounting, this providence in jack-boots discharged the debt, cancelled the bond, and claimed the inn-keeper's goods for his own security. And thereupon overtaking the usurer, "My friend," he exclaimed, "I lent you late a sum of twenty pounds. Repay it at once, or I take your miserable life." The usurer was compelled to return the money, with another twenty for interest, and when he would take the law of the innkeeper, was shown the bond duly cancelled, and was flogged well-nigh to death for his pains.

So Hind rode the world up and down, redressing grievances like an Eastern monarch, and rejoicing in the abasement of the evildoer. Nor was the spirit of his adventure bounded by the ocean. More than once he crossed the seas; the Hague knew him, and Amsterdam, though these somnolent cities gave small occasion

for his talent. It was from Scilly that he crossed to the Isle of Man, where, being recommended to Lord Derby, he gained high favour, and received in exchange for his jests a comfortable stipend. Hitherto, said the *Chronicles*, thieving was unknown in the island. A man might walk whither he would, a bag of gold in one hand, a switch in the other, and fear no danger. But no sooner had Hind appeared at Douglas, than honest citizens were pilfered at every corner. In dismay they sought the protection of the Governor, who suspected Hind, and gallantly disclosed his suspicions. "My Lord," exclaimed Hind, a blush upon his cheek, "I protest my innocence, but willingly will I suffer the heaviest penalty of your law if I am recognised for the thief." The victims confronted with their robber, knew him not, picturing to the Governor a monster with long hair and unkempt beard. Hind, acquitted with apologies, fetched from his lodging the disguise of periwig and beard. "They laugh who win!" he murmured, and thus forced forgiveness and a chuckle even from his judges.

As became a gentleman-adventurer, Captain Hind was staunch in his loyalty to the murdered King. To strip the wealthy was always reputable, but to rob a regicide was a masterpiece of well-doing. A fervent zeal to lighten Cromwell's pocket had brought the illustrious Allen to the gallows. But Hind was not one whit abashed, and he would never forego the chance of an encounter with his country's enemies. His treatment of Hugh Peters in Enfield Chace is among his triumphs. At the first encounter the Presbyterian plucked up courage to oppose his adversary with texts. To Hind's command of *Stand and deliver*, duly enforced with a loaded pistol, the ineffable Peters

replied, with ox-eye sanctimoniously upturned, "Thou shalt not steal; let him that stole, steal no more;" adding thereto other variations of the eighth commandment. Hind immediately countered with exhortations against the awful sin of murder, and rebuked the blasphemy of the Regicides, who, to defend their own infamy, would wrest Scripture from its meaning. "Did you not, oh monster of iniquity," mimicked Hind in the preacher's own voice, "pervert for your own advantage the words of the Psalmist, who said, 'Bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron'?" Moreover, was it not Solomon who said, 'Men do not despise a thief, if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry.' And is not my soul hungry for gold and for the Regicides' discomfiture?" Peters was still fumbling after texts, when the final argument, "Deliver thy money, or I will send thee out of the world!" frightened him into submission, and thirty broad pieces were Hind's reward.

Not long after he confronted Bradshaw near Sherborne, and having taken from him a purse fat with Jacobuses, he bade the Sergeant stand uncovered, while he delivered a discourse upon gold, thus shaped by tradition: "Ay, marry, sir, this is the metal that wins my heart for ever! Oh, precious gold, I admire and adore thee as much as Bradshaw, Prynne, or any villain of the same stamp. This is that incomparable medicament, which the Republican physicians call the wonder-working plaster. It is truly catholic in operation, and somewhat akin to the Jesuit's powder, but more effectual. The virtues of it are strange and various; it makes justice deaf as well as blind, and takes out spots of the deepest treason more cleverly than castle-soap does common stains; it alters a man's constitution in two

or three days, more than the virtuoso's transfusion of blood can do in seven years. 'Tis a great alexiopharmick, and helps poisonous principles of rebellion, and those that use them. It miraculously exalts and purifies the eyesight, and makes traitors behold nothing but innocence in the blackest malefactors. 'Tis a mighty cordial for a declining cause ; it stifles faction or schism, as certainly as the itch is destroyed by butter and brimstone. In a word, it makes wise men fools, and fools wise men, and both knaves. The very colour of this precious balm is bright and dazzling. If it be properly applied to the first, that is, in a decent manner and a competent dose, it infallibly performs all the cures which the evils of humanity crave." Thus having spoken, he killed the six horses of Bradshaw's coach, and went contemptuously on his way.

But he was not a Cavalier merely in sympathy, nor was he content to prove his loyalty by robbing Roundheads. He, too, would strike a blow for his King ; and he showed, first with the royal army in Scotland, and afterwards at Worcester, what he dared in a righteous cause. Indeed it was his part in the unhappy battle that cost him his life ; and there is a strange irony in the reflection that, on the selfsame day, when Sir Thomas Urquhart lost his precious manuscripts, the neck of James Hind was made ripe for the halter. His capture was due to treachery. Towards the end of 1651 he was lodged with one Denzys, a barber, over against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street. Maybe he had chosen his hiding-place for its neighbourhood to Moll Cutpurse's own sanctuary. But a pack of traitors discovered him, and halting him before the Speaker of the House of Commons, got him committed forthwith to Newgate. At first he was charged with theft and murder, and

was actually condemned for killing George Sympson at Knole in Berkshire. But the day after his sentence, an Act of Oblivion was passed, and Hind was put upon trial for treason. During his examination he behaved with the utmost gaiety, boastfully enlarging upon his services to the King's cause. "These are filthy jingling spurs," said he as he left the bar pointing to the irons about his legs, "but I hope to exchange them ere long." His good humour remained with him to the end. He jested in prison, as he jested on the road, and it was with a light heart that he mounted the scaffold built for him at Worcester. His was the fate reserved for traitors ; he was hanged, drawn, and quartered, and though his head was privily stolen and buried on the day of execution, his quarters were displayed upon the town-walls, until time and the birds destroyed them utterly.

Thus died the most distinguished highwayman that ever drew rein upon an English road ; and he died the death of a hero. The unnumbered crimes of violence and robbery where-with he might have been charged, weighed not a feather's weight upon his destiny ; he suffered not in the cause of plunder, but in the cause of Charles Stuart. And in thus excusing his death, his contemporaries did him scant justice. For while in treasonable loyalty he had a thousand rivals, on the road he was the first exponent of the grand manner. The middle of the seventeenth century was, in fact, the golden age of the Road. Not only were all highwaymen Cavaliers, but many a Cavalier turned highwayman. Broken at their King's defeat, a hundred captains took pistol and vizard, and revenged themselves as freebooters upon the King's enemies. And though Hind was outlaw first and royalist afterwards, he was the

most brilliant collector of them all. True, he owed something to his master Allen, but he added from the storehouse of his own genius a host of new precepts, and he was the first to establish an enduring tradition. Before all things he insisted upon courtesy; a guinea stolen by an awkward ruffian was a sorry theft; levied by a gentleman of the highway, it was the tribute paid to courage by generosity. Nothing would atone for an insult offered to a lady; and when it was Hind's duty to seize part of a gentlewoman's dowry on the Petersfield road, he not only pleaded his necessity in eloquent excuse, but he made many promises on behalf of knight-errantry and damsels in distress. Never would he extort a trinket to which association had given a sentimental worth; during a long career he left none save a Roundhead penniless upon the road; nor was it his custom to strip the master without giving the man a trifle for his pains. His courage, moreover, was equal to his understanding. Since he was afraid of nothing, it was not his habit to bluster when he was not determined to have his way. Once his pistol levelled, once the solemn order given, the victim must either fight or surrender; and Hind was not the man to decline a combat with any weapons or in any circumstances. Like the true artist that he was, he neglected no detail of his craft. As he was a perfect shot, so also he was a finished horseman; and his skill not only secured him against capture, but also helped him to the theft of such horses as his necessities required, or to the exchange of a worn-out jade for a mettled prancer. Once upon a time a credulous farmer offered twenty pounds and his own gelding for the Captain's mount. Hind struck a bargain at once, and as they jogged along

the road, persuaded the farmer to set his newly purchased horse at the tallest hedge, the broadest ditch. The pumpkin failed, as Hind knew he would fail; and begging the loan for an instant of his ancient steed, Hind not only showed what horsemanship could accomplish, but straightway rode off with the better horse, and twenty pounds in his pocket. So marvellously did his reputation grow, that it became a distinction to be outwitted by him, and the brains of innocent men were racked to invent strange tricks which might have been put upon them by the illustrious Captain. Thus livelier jests and madder exploits were fathered upon him than upon any of his kind, and he has remained for two centuries the prime favourite of the Chap-books.

Robbing alone, he could afford to despise pedantry; did he meet a traveller who amused his fancy, he would give him the pass-word ("the fiddler's paid," or what not), as though the highway had not its code of morals; and he did not scruple, when it served his purpose, to rob the bunglers of his own profession. By this means, indeed, he raised the standard of the road, and warned the incompetent to embrace an easier trade. While he never took a shilling without sweetening his depredation with a joke, he was, like all humorists, an acute philosopher. "Remember what I tell you," said he to the foolish persons who once attempted to rob him, the master-thief of England; "disgrace not yourself for small sums, but aim high, and for great ones; the least will bring you to the gallows." There, in six lines, is the theory of thieving, and many a poor devil has leaped from the cart to his last dance because he neglected the admirable counsel of the illustrious Hind. Among his aversions were lawyers and thief-catchers. "Truly I could wish," he

exclaimed in court, "that full-fed fees were as little used in England among lawyers, as the eating of swine's-flesh was among the Jews." When you remember the terms of friendship whereon he lived with Moll Cutpurse, his hatred of the thief-catcher who would hang his brother for "the lucre of ten pounds which is the reward," or who would swallow a false oath "as easily as one would do buttered fish," is a trifle mysterious. But perhaps before his death an estrangement had divided Hind and Moll. Was it that the Roaring Girl was too anxious to take the credit of his success? Or did he harbour an unjust suspicion that, when the last descent was made upon him at the barber's, Moll had given an unfriendly warning?

Of this he made no confession, but the honest thief was always a liberal hater of spies and attorneys, and Hind's prudence is unquestioned. A

miracle of intelligence, a master of style, he excelled all his contemporaries and set up for posterity an unattainable standard. The eighteenth century flattered him by its imitation; but cowardice and swagger compel it to limp many a dishonourable league behind. Despite the single inspiration of dancing a corant upon the green, Claude Duval, compared to Hind, was an empty braggart. Captain Stafford spoiled the best of his effects with a more than brutal vice. Neither Mull-Sack nor the Golden Farmer, for all their long life and handsome plunder, is comparable for an instant to the robber of Peters and Bradshaw. They kept their fist fiercely upon the gold of others, and cared not by what artifice it was extorted. But Hind never took a sovereign meanly; he approached no enterprise which he did not adorn. Living in a true Augustan age, he was a classic among highwaymen, the very Virgil of the Road.

A SUBTERRANEAN ADVENTURE.

I HAVE always sympathised with the American girl, who, upon being told that she might not go to the photographer, said, "I guess I'll go and have a tooth out then." It was much the same feeling that prompted us (my sister and I) while wintering last year in Switzerland to visit the salt-mines at Bex. We had long since exhausted all the possibilities of life at Montreux, and were beginning to wonder how on earth we should be able to get through the remaining six weeks of our stay. It was at this juncture that one morning, while listlessly turning over the pages of Baedeker, my attention was arrested by the following passage: "The salt-mines at Bex should be visited by every intelligent traveller, and are within easy reach of Montreux by either train or carriage."

"The very thing!" I said. "For once we will come under the heading of intelligent travellers. And now I come to think of it, I have always wanted to see a salt-mine. I have heard they are not only instructive but very pretty and interesting."

We determined to set off first thing in the morning for Bex. Our proposal met with some opposition from the kind old lady who had burdened herself with the unenviable task of taking care of us while we were abroad. "Why can't you enjoy yourselves in a rational manner," she said, when she heard where we wanted to go, "instead of rushing all over the country, keeping me in a perpetual simmer for fear of what you may want to do next? Besides," she added, "with a concili-

atory look at the old maid with whom she had just been discussing our eccentricities, "I don't think it is *quite* the thing for two young girls to go about as you do in strange places without a chaperon."

"Do I look as though I required a chaperone?" my sister asked, pulling up her shirt-collar with an aggressively masculine air.

"Very badly," the old lady replied. "You are far too pretty for a New Woman! However, into salt-mines I cannot be expected to follow you, so I suppose you must go alone; only do be careful, and don't do anything foolish."

Accordingly, with all sorts of promises and a basket of provisions, we set off the following day to catch the train from Territet.

"How jolly it is to get away for a whole day from that stupid hotel!" Ada said, crunching the snow under her hobnailed boots, and brandishing her alpenstock in a way that quite alarmed an old Russian count who happened to be going in as we came out of the hotel. "*Quelle belle sauvage!*" I heard him whisper to his companion, as we passed; and glancing at Ada's Newmarket coat, and the wideawake hat pressed ruthlessly down on her rebellious curls, I could not wonder at his mingled admiration and dismay.

We were only just in time to catch the train, and were ignominiously bundled into a crowded third-class carriage the atmosphere of which was anything but ethereal.

"Do you think I might venture to open the window?" Ada said, wedg-

ing herself in between it and an oily-looking monk, who sat praying and stewing in contented bliss.

"Please do," I gasped with a despairing look at my neighbours, a stout party with a baby, and a soldier smoking the most villainous tobacco. Very stealthily, and with the air of a criminal, Ada let down the window inch by inch, until she was able to get her head right out; and in that position she remained blissfully ignorant of the dark looks and ominous mutterings of our fellow-passengers. The monk pulled his cowl further over his bald head, and looked with an air of holy resignation at my stout neighbour, who glared at me as though I had already murdered the innocent babe upon her lap. The advent of the ticket-collector was hailed with delight; a chorus of complaints (in which *ces Anglaises* figured pretty freely) were poured forth, and the result was an authoritative command to Ada to shut down the window immediately.

"But one cannot breathe in such an atmosphere," she protested, with a pout that would have melted any one but a French railway official.

"All these people can breathe," he retorted angrily. "We do not go to the expense of heating the trains and then let the hot air out again by opening the windows." With this parting shot he left us once more hermetically sealed, and miserable. The monk smiled, the soldier laughed, the baby crowed, and altogether we felt that the place had become too hot for us in more senses than one.

"Let us go and sit outside," Ada said at last. "I'd rather be frozen than roasted alive any day." So forth we went, to the no small consternation of our enemies, who doubtless thought we were either mad or intent on suicide. The Swiss trains are arranged differently from the

English; the carriages run lengthways, with a door at each end leading on to a platform provided with steps at either side. Upon these steps we ensconced ourselves, and very comfortable we found them, the top one forming a support for the back, and the lower one serving as a footstool. "No more stuffy carriages for me," Ada said, thoroughly enjoying this novel way of seeing the country. "Why, it's as good as being on a jaunting car without the risk of being thrown out every five minutes."

We were quite sorry to arrive at our destination, an important-looking station with the inevitable *café*, and the still more inevitable string of omnibuses outside, the conductors of which nearly tore each other in pieces before we could make them understand that we wanted none of their hotels.

"The salt-mines! Nobody visits the salt-mines in the winter," they said, with an air of profound disgust, when at last we were allowed to speak. But this was merely ill-nature on their part, we felt sure; so, nothing daunted, we set out in the direction of the town, which could be seen nestling at the foot of the mountain, about three-quarters of a mile off.

"Is this the way to the salt-mines?" I asked of a little urchin skating along in front of us.

"But no, miss; you must cross that footpath over the fields, then go for a mile along the high road, take the third turning to the left, and you will come to a wall—"

"Upon which we shall be ready to sit, if we ever get there," Ada remarked, interrupting the flow of his eloquence; and rather crossly we retraced our steps till we came to the footpath indicated. The boy, (disappointed of his expected *sou*, no doubt,) called out after us in a jeering way, "You'll see no salt-mines at this time of the year!"

But to attend to what little boys say is idle, so we plodded on, glad that the day happened to be so fine, for we evidently had a long walk before us.

The high road was found, then the turning to the left, and then the wall upon which we sat and awaited further directions. The scene before us was like a Christmas card ; the blue sky, the snow-capped mountains, the little *chalet*-shaped houses clustered round the village church ; it only needed a picturesque figure or two to make it perfect. "I'm afraid I can't supply the deficiency," Ada said ; but it was supplied very effectually in a short time by an old woman, who came tottering down the mountain-path, a bundle of newly gathered firewood on her back, and at her side a sweet little golden-haired cherub, who saluted us with a heavenly smile as he passed. I inquired of the old woman the nearest way to the salt-mine. Pointing with her bony finger towards the path she had just come down, "Go along there," she said, "till you come to some white cottages, and opposite them you will find the entrance to the mine,—though I doubt if you'll get into it," she muttered as she hobbled away.

"What provoking people they seem to be here," I said, still determined to hope for the best. "After all, one must have salt in winter just as much as in summer, so why should not the mines be on view?"

The walk up the mountain was worth all our pains ; a regular Swiss walk, or climb, rather, for the path got steeper and steeper every moment, till we seemed to be making steadily for the clouds. "I'm sure that old woman must have been mistaken," Ada said, when after an hour's steady climbing we seemed no nearer our destination. However, we determined

to push on a little further, and were soon rewarded by catching a glimpse of something white, which proved to be the cottages of which we were in search ; wretched little hovels they were, with not a sign of habitation about them, and no vestige of a mine in the vicinity.

"Most likely these are the miners' cottages," Ada said, "and the men will of course be at work ; at any rate, let us go a little further ; it is no use turning back now !"

The scenery got wilder and more desolate every moment, and I was just thinking what a propitious place this would be for a murder, when, coming down the path ahead of us we saw the most awful-looking tramp. Dressed in tattered clothes, and with a rough stick in his hand, he came upon us so suddenly that we had no time to think of a retreat. His appearance did not improve on closer inspection, one side of his face being horribly disfigured, the mouth drawn up and the eye down in a manner that was repulsive beyond measure.

"Let us turn and run for our lives!" I said. "I'm sure he's an escaped lunatic."

"Escaped grandmother!" was Ada's polite rejoinder ; and to my horror, she walked straight up to the man, and with her most insinuating manner asked him if he happened to know the way to the salt-mines.

With a contortion that would have been a smile if it could, he replied that being one of the miners himself, he knew the way pretty well, and would be glad to show us the entrance, which we must have passed on our way up.

I went through a dumb pantomime with Ada to have nothing to do with the terrible creature, but she turned round and followed him as meekly as a lamb. "We have come to see the mines, and I intend to see them," was

her sole answer to my protestations. Even she was a little bit disturbed, however, when she heard that the mines were not on view in the winter; and that if we really wished to see them, our new friend would have to accompany us.

Our fate was however decided for us. We had now returned to the cottages, silent and deserted as before, except for a wretched little black and white kitten, that came running up the path to meet us, and with a happy mew of welcome rubbed itself affectionately against the ragged trousers of our guide. "That decides it," Ada said, cuddling to her breast the half-starved little arbiter. "He *must* be a nice sort of man or his kitten wouldn't be so fond of him; we will go into the mine with you," she continued, turning to the man who stood awaiting our decision.

It may have been imagination on my part, but, kitten or no kitten, I thought I saw a horrible leer of satisfaction pass over his face, as he took his wretched little animal, and diving into one of the cottages, emerged with two dirty-looking holland smocks, furnished, like monks' cloaks, with long pointed cowls. "What are those things for?" I asked, my idea of a salt-mine being a huge crystal-like cave lit up with electric light.

"You must put them on; it is very dirty in the mine," the man said; "and the roof is so low in some parts that your hats would be ruined, so you had better take them off, and draw the cowls over your heads."

I glanced at the dark, cavernous entrance, and it certainly looked as though we should have to go some little way before arriving at my fairy grotto; so, with a very ill grace, I took hold of the dubious garment, and wriggled into it as best I could. Peals of laughter from Ada did not serve to restore my equanimity. "You look

for all the world like Brother Pelican," she said, artistically arranging my cowl, and tying the rough hempen girdle round my waist. She did not take long to get into her medieval costume, and was still more amused when the man once more emerged from the cottage, bearing this time two flaming torches, with which he presented us, with a warning to be careful that none of the burning tar should fall upon our dresses.

"Don't you feel as though you were going to a funeral?" Ada asked, walking solemnly after the guide, her torch in one hand and the trailing smock in the other. I certainly did not feel particularly lively. Being the elder, I was burdened with a sense of responsibility; and I could not but think we were doing a risky thing, descending into the bowels of the earth with a man of whom we knew nothing, except that he possessed a kitten. However, I consoled myself with the thought that in a few minutes we should be in the heart of the mine, among all the other workmen, and that in this case, as in many others, there would be safety in numbers.

The passage into which we entered was low and dark, with just room enough for one person to walk along at a time. We had to go very slowly, as the ground was three or four inches deep in water, and it was necessary to balance one's self on the rough planks which ran down the middle, stooping at the same time to avoid bumping one's head against the slimy ceiling above. For the first ten minutes I went gaily on, trying to think that I was enjoying myself; but after slipping into the water for the sixth time, and bumping my head violently in regaining my equilibrium, I began to find the illusion very difficult. "How much further," I asked, "shall we have to go before reaching the mine?"

"In three quarters of an hour we shall be there, if you come along quickly."

"Three quarters of an hour! Why, I thought the whole thing would only take us ten minutes," I said in dismay.

"You will be for two hours in the mine, at least," the man replied; "and a good deal longer if you don't come quickly."

There was a threatening tone in his voice that I did not like, and turning to Ada, I implored her to come back while there was yet time. "I dare not propose it," she answered in English. "Think how wild he would be at having lost so much time! I only hope this *is* the mine, and not some horrible lonely place, known only to himself, into which he is taking us."

In spite of the oppressive heat of the place, I felt a cold shudder run through me, at hearing my own fears thus put into words. As though knowing by intuition that we were thinking of turning back, the man pushed on more quickly. I was at my wits' end. "Are there many men working in the mine at present?" I asked, desperately clinging to my last hope.

"There are none."

The words seemed to petrify me for a moment, then with the courage of despair, I said: "We will go back then. We only came to see how the mine was worked, and if the men are not here we will come again; it is useless to go further."

"I will set the machinery working," the guide said with a determined air. "The men are not at all necessary."

Resistance was useless. We had now come at least half a mile; all signs of daylight had long ago disappeared; if the man meant badly by us, we were just as much at his mercy here as we should be further on. So

with a sort of desperate fascination, we walked on, the air getting heavier and more difficult to breathe every moment.

"Do you ever have explosions here?" I asked, to break the horrid silence which had settled down upon us after my last vain endeavour to assert myself.

The guide turned round, and with a leer pointed to his disfigured face. "An explosion six years ago," he said; "before then I was considered handsome." This was added with such a fiendish grin that I decided we had better keep clear of personalities, and hastened to ask what had caused the explosion. "The mine was not properly ventilated, and the gas ignited," he explained. "But since then a great many improvements have been made, and there is no longer any fear of an accident. The air is very good now."

I was glad he found it so. For my part, I should have thought another explosion was just about due; but I suppose our ideas of good ventilation and a miner's are necessarily somewhat different.

We had now come to a place intersected with pipes, which carried the briny fluid from the mine down to the works at Bex. The guide called a halt, and holding up his torch pointed to a little stone cistern filled with yellowish-looking liquid. "Taste it," he said, dipping a very black finger into the beverage and conveying it to his mouth. Afraid of disobeying, I followed his example, but only made a pretence of tasting the horrid stuff.

"Very salt indeed," was my verdict; a safe one, I thought, in the circumstances.

"It's not salt at all," the man replied angrily. "The salt water is at the other side; this is a sweet liquid which comes from the same mine."

Feeling rather small, I followed him

to another cistern at the other side, and was forced this time to make a real trial of its contents, which were decidedly briny. "I will take your word for it," Ada said, when I tried to persuade her to prove for herself that there was now no doubt about our really being in the salt-mine.

For half an hour more we trudged on, our feet wringing wet, our backs aching, our throats filled with sulphur; but everything has an end, and at last, as we were on the very verge of collapsing in tears, the tunnel suddenly merged into a tremendous sort of cavern. Anything less like a fairy grotto could scarcely be imagined; but at any rate we could stand upright on firm ground, and that was always something to be thankful for. The guide meanwhile ran round, throwing the light of his torch on various ghastly-looking appliances, which stood in different parts of the cave, silent and motionless.

"It reminds me of the torturing chambers of the Spanish Inquisitors," Ada said; but the smile froze on her lips as our guide unexpectedly set in motion a tremendous machine just behind her, which groaned and rumbled and threw out its long black arms in every direction.

"You wanted to see the working of the mine, didn't you?" the man asked, with one of his fiendish grins; and off he went, pulling out a screw here, turning a handle there, till the whole place seemed one moving mass of machinery. I darted about like a mad creature, trying to get as far away from the roaring monsters as possible, and unable to ask a single question about the use of all these huge levers and enormous wheels. To me they seemed almost human, and I never thought of connecting them with the pretty little salt-cellars which is handed round so thoughtlessly at table.

"I'm sure the man is a lunatic," Ada said. "Just look what a diabolical delight he takes in playing with those things. I hope to goodness he understands them, and won't be caught up and killed before our eyes."

There were contingencies that I feared more than that; but I held my peace, and waited patiently till the man, returning, asked us how we liked the machinery.

"It is very nice, but would you mind stopping it?" I cried at the top of my voice.

With a shrug at the inconsistency of the sex, he did as he was told, silencing each of the noisy monsters with a sorrowful look as though they had been dear friends whose voices he loved to hear.

"Now we can go back," I said to Ada, and suiting the action to the word, was turning towards the tunnel, when a grimy hand was laid upon my shoulder.

"We have not finished yet," the guide said. "You must come down here;" and unfastening a sort of trapdoor, he disappeared from view down a rough ladder which led—goodness knows where! Afraid to refuse, I followed, and Ada came tumbling down almost on the top of me; as she said, a minute alone with the black monsters above would finish her. We landed in another cave exactly similar to the one we had left, but without the machinery; why we had been brought there I could not understand, for there was nothing very interesting to see.

"Wait here," the man said, pointing to a stone upon which we meekly sat down, and watched him clamber up the rocks, looking round for something that was evidently hidden up there. At last he found it,—a heavy stone hammer! Hugging it close to him, and with the torch in his other hand, he carefully picked his way

down, and went off with it to the other end of the cave, where we heard him hammering away at some hard substance.

"Keeps coffins in here perhaps," Ada said, with a shudder; then getting up quickly, she whispered: "Suppose we bolt while he is away; we could get a good start now." But I had not a bolt left in me; my feelings seemed quite numbed, and I could only wonder vaguely whether it would be nicer to be murdered outright, or to be left here to die a lingering death from starvation.

By this time the knocking had ceased, and I felt rather ashamed of my misgivings, when the suspected murderer returned laden with lovely pieces of pure white crystal, with which he told us to fill our pockets. "Lick one of them," he said; and glad to be let off so easily, I nearly choked myself in a desperate attempt to appear amiable.

There was another trap-door leading into a yet lower cavern. "Will you come down?" he said, pointing to it.

"No, thank you; I think we would like to go back now." I should also have liked to see the stone hammer replaced in its rocky bed, but I did not dare to say so.

"Very well, miss; then we must go up again."

We needed no second bidding. Up the ladder we scrambled, and upon looking at my watch I found we had been in the mine exactly an hour and a half.

"There are two modes of exit," our guide told us. "You can either go back the way we came, or you can come up the steps, which will let you out at the top entrance, about a mile farther up than the one we came in at."

"How long does it take to get out by the higher way?" I asked.

"About twenty minutes; there are eight hundred steps."

"A sort of treadmill," said Ada. "But I vote we go; anything would be better than that dreadful passage." I was not sure that there would be much to choose between them; for the staircase, hewn out of the rock, did not look inviting. However, we should save twenty minutes by going that way, so we might as well try it.

"You had better pin your dresses up," the man said; "the steps are apt to be wet."

Wet was no word for it! There was a dirty pool of black mud on each of them; the passage was so narrow that the walls touched us on either side, and the ceiling seemed to weigh upon our heads. Still during the first ten minutes or so we got on pretty well; for my part, I was so glad to get out of the mine, that I did not care how we did it. All I thought of was that each step was taking us nearer to the daylight, and I did not mind how steep or how muddy they were; but when we were about half way up, a dreadful feeling of suffocation came over me. Suddenly I felt as though I could not draw another breath; everything seemed to press upon me,—the walls, the ceiling, all were so close and damp. Looking down, one saw nothing but a yawning abyss, and above, the ghastly guide mounting up and up, his flaming torch in dreadful proximity to my sister's curly hair. Suppose one of us should take fire in this horrible place! This thought, flashing through my mind already unhinged by all we had gone through, quite finished me. My knees began to tremble; a black star-studded mist came before my eyes; and I had just time to hand my torch to Ada, when I sank down half unconscious upon the stone steps. There was no room for Ada to pass, and she was terrified lest I should faint outright, and slip down into the dark vault below. "Try to keep hold of the handrail," she im-

plored, holding me up as best she could. I made a desperate attempt to fight against the drowsiness that was fast stealing over me. "If only I could get a breath of air I should be all right," I gasped. The man told Ada that if I could manage to climb a few dozen more steps, we should come to a ventilator in the roof. How I managed it I cannot tell, but somehow or other I did; and oh, the luxury of the sweet fresh breeze that came down to meet us as we neared that blessed ventilator.

"You had better sit here, and take in a good supply of air for the rest of the journey," Ada said, planting me right under the grating. She, poor girl, looked very pale and frightened by this time, and I thought we had better push on while we were both of us fairly able to do so. After what seemed like an eternity, but must in reality have been about five minutes, we came to the end of the steps, and found ourselves in a passage similar to the one by which we had entered, only broader, so that we were able to help each other along.

We were destined to one more fright before getting fairly quit of the mine, and that was when, about half way down the passage, we heard approaching steps, and saw the flicker of a light in the distance. In another moment a second man appeared, scarcely less villainous looking than our guide to our heated imaginations. "What a time you have been!" he grumbled, as he took the latter aside, and they stood whispering together, with occasional glances in our direction.

"Of course, this is an accomplice," Ada said. "I see now why the man was so anxious for us to come the high

way! He had appointed to meet his friend here, and debate what should be done with us."

I tried to catch something of their conversation. "*Anglaises . . . toutes seules . . . courageuses—*" was all I could gather. Anything less courageous than we looked, two poor trembling creatures huddled together against the wall, could hardly be imagined! I almost screamed when the consultation being at an end, the second villain advanced towards us, but, with a look of curiosity and a bow, he passed on, and we were allowed to resume our walk. Five minutes more, and we were out on the mountain-path again in the blessed sunlight.

"I could hug that sweet man," Ada said, looking towards the guide, "for not having killed us. I know I have suffered at least a dozen different sorts of deaths in the last two hours at his hands."

Ada looked scarcely more huggable than the guide; her face as black as a sweep's, her smock filthy, and her boots a sight to dream of. However, five minutes at the pump in the miner's house made us look more presentable; and when his wife appeared with a blacking-brush, we felt that we should once more be able to face our poor old chaperon. To this day she tells people that a salt-mine is a most delightful place to visit. Two young friends of hers went all over one last winter, and although they said very little about it, she could tell from the lovely crystals they brought back with them what a charming place it must have been; in fact, she had regretted ever since that she had not gone with them.

We listen and smile; but we say nothing.

THE SONGS OF PIEDIGROTTA.

WE stood on the balcony of a villa on the brow of the hill which, at the west end of Naples, forms a tolerably acute angle with the long promontory of Posilipo, enclosing all the curve of Mergellina and its port, and the church, square, and grotto of Piedigrotta, where, each year, takes place the great festival.

As we stood there, at three o'clock in the morning of the 8th of September, with the moon riding high in a sky half veiled with a slight haze, and a perfect calm in the atmosphere, there came up from far below, where an illuminated space showed among the houses on the sea-shore, a noise, colossal, imposing, more multitudinous than the roar of angry waves on a rocky coast. And this noise arose almost entirely from human throats, for what was not the human voice itself was the innumerable blowing of breath through trumpets and whistles of all descriptions and sizes, in all varieties of unmelodious notes, mixed rarely with the blast of wind-instruments belonging to bands of music, the drums of which hardly counted. We heard in fact the "voice of the people" wafted up, from sunset to dawn, and raised, not in acclamation of some public event, not in protest against some crying wrong, but purely for its own inane but good-humoured pleasure; a pleasure derived from being, this people, for at least one whole night, masters of the city. The immense tumult, a veritable pandemonium, gave one a strange sense of what a power the people is; of how irresistible would be its might, if ever with one voice it determined, for good or evil, to accomplish some mighty deed.

Some four hundred years ago this celebrated festival of Piedigrotta was already an old-established custom at Naples. A century and a half ago it became a state holiday, and was celebrated by king and people with the utmost civil and military pomp. Now it is no longer accompanied by royal processions and a grand display of military. The people is king; and for twenty-four hours the inhabitants of Naples and the neighbourhood pour through all the streets and through the public gardens on their way to the church of Piedigrotta, which, with the street leading to it, is splendidly illuminated for the occasion. In fantastic *cortèges*, in family groups, in bands of ragged boys or singly, the populace explode bombs, whistle, drink, feast, dance, and above all sing the songs of Piedigrotta.

Formerly these songs arose among the people themselves, some inspired by medieval legends, but most pure love-songs, gay or sad, to which some untutored musician set a tune, or which were transformed into masterpieces by such geniuses as Bellini and Rossini, and became the delight not only of Naples, but of the civilised world. Now many of the songs arise in other ways. Many are still the original work of the unskilled people, but others aim higher, and really gifted poets and musicians write and compose for Piedigrotta. And when these superior creations chance to touch the heart and ear of the people, they are at once adopted, and are sung all over the city by rich and poor alike.

Formerly the original songs were sung by the populace on the eve of Piedigrotta by the people to the blowing of a reed-pipe, or common

whistle, and to the rhythmic beat of a tambourine, or to the noise produced by the friction of a stick drawn through a hole in a piece of parchment stretched over the top of a pan. Now the mandoline and guitar furnish a more artistic accompaniment, or good orchestras in concert-halls and theatres execute the instrumental part of the same songs. Certain it is that the poetry which lies deep in the heart of the passionate Neapolitan people has progressed into more elegant and perfect embodiment. Neapolitan song has received the seal of masters of composition, and become elevated to an art; and, though less spontaneous, it satisfies the needs of the most naturally musical inhabitants of the Italian peninsula.

Popular songs in Naples are, for the most part, sentimental. The Romans have the satiric song, the Venetians the sensual serenade; but the Neapolitan song, grave or gay, is essentially full of feeling and sentiment, simple in tone, and generally void of anything that can offend good taste; it is also vivacious above all others.

Much of this quality is owing to the vivid imagination of the Neapolitans, and much again to their soft and fresh dialect. Love-phrases addressed to the beloved one are the usual contents. If she be kind, she is compared to the most beautiful natural objects; if she be cruel, she is stormed with pictures of the lover's misery. In an indirect sort of way the beauty of his native place is described in the songs, and should a Neapolitan exile hear one of them when far away in exile, he is seized with home-sickness; while even a stranger, to whom is recalled the Neapolitan melody he has heard sung in the streets under the magical southern moonlight, forgets the squalor of the neglected southern city, and would fain be there again.

Ugly and grotesque as the Neapolitan dialect seems when spoken, it caresses the ear when sung. It lends itself in a wondrous way to music, and is capable of expressing the most varied emotions,—cruel, gay, sarcastic, sentimental, or passionate. Of late years, on the approach of the feast of Piedigrotta, prizes have been offered for the best songs, and cultured poets and musicians are not ashamed to compete. Hundreds of songs are thus offered for selection; and when the committee for the prizes have pronounced the first judgment, it is confirmed or annulled by the verdict of the people, who adopt or reject those that have come successfully out of the struggle.

As a specimen of what has been produced this year, we may give a rough, unrhymed version of one of the most characteristic, so far as the words go, which has been set to music by the well-known composer Valente. But it is the poem that takes our fancy, the music, to our taste, being rather too scientific, with much imitation of Verdi's latest manner.

THE MAGIC SHIRT.

I.

What thread art thou spinning, Carmela ?
For whom thy distaff dost empty ?
For whom dost thou weave the delicate
stuff

Which daily becomes more fine ?

And, weaving, Carmela replies :
" I am weaving a magical shirt,
And the man who wears it no weapon
Shall have the power to wound."
And she twirls and she spins and she
weaves,

And empties the gyrating bobbin,—
A silky skein on her distaff,
And in her eyes the tears ;
And all alone she sings,

The poor, poor child :
" Why do I fear ? Why, as I weave,
Do I feel so sad at heart ?
Poor girl that I am ! They call me fair,
But they know not what 'tis to be fair
and sad ! "

II.

Youths ! leave your native soil
 Which you dig in the sweat of your brow !
 By our king we are called to the war
 'Gainst a king who would make us slaves !
 Thou hidest the magical shirt, Carmela ;
 See'st thou not that the moment is come ?
 Why keep it so jealously hidden,
 When thy brother doth need it, Carmela ?
 But she twirls and she spins and she
 weaves,

And empties the gyrating bobbin,
 Aye the silky skein on her distaff,
 Aye the sad tears in her eyes ;
 And all alone she sings,
 The poor, poor child :
 " Why do I fear ? Why, as I weave,
 Do I feel so sad at heart ?
 Let them leave their home ! Go, brother,
 to war !
 Who knows ? Wilt thou conquer, re-
 turn ? "

III.

Alas ! a sweetheart she had,
 Both handsome and wicked was he !
 He knew where the garment was hid,
 And he went and stole it by night.
 To his native land he was traitor,
 And fought on the enemy's side.
 In the enemy's ranks he enlisted,
 Far worse than the enemy he !—
 And Carmela spins and she weaves,
 And empties the gyrating bobbin ;
 Aye the silky skein on the distaff,
 Aye the bitter tears in her eyes ;
 And all alone she sings,
 The poor, poor child :
 " They spin and they weave ; they sing
 and they weep,
 And every day 'tis the same.
 My sweetheart has slain my brother,
 And this is the song I sing—all alone ! "

Another song, which has already gained a favourable verdict, is pure Neapolitan in spirit, and gives a picture of an everyday street-scene. The refrain is catching, and will soon be heard all over the city.

WHEN THE REGIMENT IS PASSING.

I.

When the regiment is passing
 Swiftly runs sweet Rosinella !
 By the captain, by the sergeant
 Will she now be seen, or not ?
 How she blushes ! how she bridles !

How she beats time ! how she's smiling !
 And for whom is it all meant ?
 Is it the colonel ? Is it the captain ?
 Sword in hand,
 They gaily pass !
 Was it the corporal ? Was it the sergeant ?
 No one knows !
 What's to be done ?

II.

When the *réveille* has sounded
 Who so prompt as Rosinella ?
 Gaily dressed, and *chic* and dainty,
 Laughs and looks, enchanting them all !
 Says the lieutenant, " Oh Cara ! "
 Then she smiles and waves her hand.
 With a grin the sergeant greets her,
 And she laughs and signs " Oh no ! "
 Is it the colonel ? Is it the captain ?
 Sword in hand,
 Let them pass !
 Was it the corporal ? Was it the bugler ?
 No one knows !
 What's to be done ?

III.

When the sharp tattoo is sounding,
 First of all to come is Rosa ;
 Presses 'mong the valiant drummers,
 Listening to their rat-tat-tat !
 Back they push her ; for the general
 Prances up all red and angry,
 Fuming like a very wild beast !
 Some one, sure, will be arrested !
 Is it—the colonel ? Is it—the captain ?
 Musket in hand,
 The ranks all stare !
 But 'tis nothing !
 What should they do ?

The songs offered for competition this year consist of many love-songs, a song in regret for the vanishing of the picturesque old harbour of Santa Lucia, and hosts of others, which will live or die according as the people adopt them or not.

Signor de Giacomo, many of whose original verses have been set to music on the present occasion, has lately studied the origin of an old Piedigrotta song, one of the saddest and sweetest, the melody of which, once heard, haunts the memory for ever. And this is the legend of that song : " *Fenesta che lucive.*"

In a wide valley bathed by many

rivulets descending from the neighbouring mountains, lies a little town called Carini, about twenty miles from Palermo. There, in the sixteenth century, lived a certain Baron Vincenzo the Second of Talamanca, who had taken to wife one Laura Lanzi, by whom he had eight children. One of these, Caterina, for what reason is not known, was left behind to inhabit the ancient castle of Carini, which had been built by Manfred, and the great hall of which still contained that hero's collection of arms. Her parents, with the rest of the family, had retired to the city of Palermo.

At Carini there then existed a large feudal estate belonging to the Vernagalli, one of the seven Pisan families which had settled in Sicily in 1400. The third son of this family, Vincenzo, fell in love with the lonely and lovely Caterina, and she with him. Caterina, as her portrait shows, was a tall graceful girl with fair hair and melancholy eyes, about eighteen years of age. Her dress is represented as a long white flowing garment with hanging sleeves, and girdled by a rich belt. Caterina and Vincenzo had loved each other and enjoyed the happiness of their mutual affection for ten months, when a monk, who had discovered their secret, travelled to Palermo and betrayed it to Caterina's father. The old ballad which tells the tale relates how the baron had just returned from hunting when the monk arrived, and, after spending the night in conference with him, set forth at dawn for Carini. Caterina, from her balcony, observed her father's approach, and called out, "My lord father, what brings you here?" "I am come to kill you," replied the father, without hesitation. When he entered the castle there ensued a horrible pursuit. Caterina, crying for help, ran desperately through the halls and corridors. Her father

overtook her near a small door, over which hung and still hangs the family coat of arms. Then he stabbed her twice, in the back and through the heart. Caterina, as she slipped down against the wall, left upon it the print of her bloody hand, which her father had neither the means nor the courage ever to remove. Many years afterwards he caused the door between the room where he had butchered his child, and his own, to be walled up, and a new door was opened, upon the marble of which was inscribed the words, *Et nova sint omnia*, which may still be read.

No one knows who wrote the ballad. It is a beautiful and curious lyric, with descriptive particulars that could only be known to some one who was acquainted with the castle, the family, and the monk who plays such an odious part. It is suspected to be the work of a poet of the sixteenth century who wrote in the Sicilian dialect, Matteo di Ganci, some of whose writings are still to be found in the archives of the family of Carini. From this old ballad was taken the fragment that later on provided the subject of *Fenesta che lucive*. Mariano Paoella translated the words into the Neapolitan dialect ages ago, and it is the lover, Vincenzo Vernagallo, who speaks in it. But when Paoella published his version for the first time, the Neapolitan people had long since known and sung the legend to its sad and sweet melody. How the words and music had found their way to Italy is not known. What is sure is that the fragment of the legend had been adopted and sung by ten or twenty southern provinces, each small village and hamlet possessing its own peculiar version in its own peculiar dialect.

Salamon Marini, on hearing it, exclaimed that it would become immortal in the hands of a Bellini.

And in fact, the melody, as known in Naples, has often been attributed to Bellini. In it there is a phrase that resembles the funeral air in the *SONNAMBULA*, and indeed another that resembles the prayer in Rossini's *Mosè*. Were these two masters inspired by the Sicilian air, or did they give origin to the melody now so well known? The literary composition of the poem goes back to the sixteenth century, but the musical composition cannot be traced further back than to the beginning of our era.

The still living Neapolitan composer, Cottrau, it is said, took the air from Signor Ricci, rearranged it and published it as his own in the first half of the present century. Both Ricci and Cottrau evidently derived it either from the Swan of Pesaro or the Swan of Catania. The people, little caring whence it came, adopted it as their own, for it spoke to their hearts with the passion and realism so native to the race.

The fragment of the legend from which were taken the verses afterwards re-written in the Neapolitan dialect, is the lament of the lover for the loss of his sweetheart. Roughly translated, they run as follows :

Closed, closed is the casement of my love,
The casement where my goddess once ap-
peared,
She comes no more ; no more she comes
to me ;
So surely she is lying ill upon her
couch !—
Her mother shows herself and says, "Thy
love,
Thy beauty, whom thou seek'st, is in her
grave !"
The sepulchre has taken her ! Oh, gloomy
tomb !
As thou hast taken her, take also me !

I wander in the night like to the moon ;
I wander seeking, seeking for my love,
And on the way I met with horrid Death,
Empty of eyes, and void of rosy lips,
And Death thus spake : "Where goest
thou, fair youth ?"
"I seek for her who loved me so dearly ;
I go in quest of my beloved one !"
"Then seek for her no more, for in the
grave she lies.

"And if, fair youth, thou disbelievest me,
Go to the graveyard and to the Beata,
Put off the coffin-lid, and look within ;
There thou wilt find thy love devoured by
worms ;
There the rats feed upon her fairest flesh,
Upon the throat once circled by gold
chain ;
The rats do feed upon her snowy hands,
Unequalled in their beauty and their
hue !"

I went to find the church's sacristan,
And bid him open me the closed doors.
"Oh God, wilt thou not give to me the
keys ?
With my own hands I'll break the portals
wide."
And when the priest appears, I tell to
him
All the long story of my gloomy fate ;
And how I'd make my goddess live again ;
She who, indeed, doth rest among the
dead !

Oh, evil fate ! how hard thou art to me,
Forbidding me to see my one 'beloved' !
"Oh sacristan, kindle full many a torch,
Take care, dear sacristan, of my dear love,
Let not the lights be spent ; keep them
alight !
For she did ever fear to sleep alone !"
But now dread Death doth keep her com-
pany !

While we listen to the modern
songs competing for the prize,
we feel that none can possibly be
more beautiful than the old and
deeply sad "window that shone and
shines no more !"

RAMBLES OF A NATURALIST IN WOOLMER FOREST.

THE reality of the grievance felt by the common people of England in the constant extension of the forests by the Norman and Angevin kings is sometimes questioned. The exaggeration of the tales of cruelty inflicted in the creation of the New Forest will partly account for this historic doubt. But if the terms of the Charter of the Forests, wrung from Henry the Third, are not sufficient evidence of the injury caused by the progressive annexation of large areas of land devoted exclusively to the enjoyment of the sovereign, as a "single and mighty Nimrod," the number and extent of the forests which still remain, some only as forest in name, others with partial survivals of forest-law, may be cited as showing the greed of the early foreign kings of England for this princely form of land-grabbing.

Many of these forests are almost unknown to the general public. They are not important from their size, or remembered for any violence which marked their appropriation. They are not magnificent enough to claim a place, under the stately definition of a royal forest, as a "territory privileged for wild beast and fowls of forest, chase, and warren to abide in, in the safe protection of the king for his princely delight and pleasure"; neither were they large enough to form a safe harbour for outlaws, which made it a matter of policy to place certain wild districts under the arbitrary control of the sovereign. But the early kings seem to have marked any district, however small, not actually under cultivation, for their peculiar use, and to have turned them into forest by

a stroke of the pen. In the south, not only such places as the forests of Wychwood, Hainault, Epping, Whittlewood, and Ashdown, were annexed, but much smaller and less valuable spots. Attached to the present management of the New Forest, for instance, are a constellation of satellites extending from Parkhurst Forest in the Isle of Wight, with Bere Forest and Alice Holt, to Woolmer Forest on the borders of Hampshire within forty miles of London.

Woolmer Forest occupies a middle place between the varied and magnificent wilderness of the New Forest, and the present condition of Alice Holt, which was early converted into a great oak wood for growing timber for the Navy. In no great area Woolmer contains scenery singularly wild and broken, and the two thousand acres enclosed by the Crown are supplemented by a wilderness of heather, bog, pools, and steep rough hills, set in the centre of some of the most fertile, and also some of the most barren and wild country of the south. It is separated from the Hindhead Heath by the beautiful strip of country running from Haslemere, through Bramshott, Liphook, and Headly to Bentley. To the south it is bounded by the Meeon valley, and its northern side lies in the parish of Selborne, not many miles from the "malm" valleys and chalk hills of that wooded and fertile village. Gilbert White says much of Woolmer Forest. It was the wildest country he knew: "A tract of land about seven miles in length by two and a half in breadth, abounding with many curious productions both animal and vegetable."

"This lovely domain," he continues, "is a very agreeable haunt for many sorts of wildfowls which not only frequent it in the winter, but breed there in the summer, such as lapwings, snipes, and wild duck, and, as I have discovered within these few years, teals."

The blackgame had disappeared in White's time, though they have since been re-introduced; and the five hundred head of red deer had been removed on account of the demoralisation which the tradition of deer-stealing caused in the neighbourhood. The old race of deer-stealers was hardly yet extinct, and used to recall over their ale the exploits of their youth, such as watching a pregnant hind to her lair, and, when the calf was dropped, paring its feet with a penknife to the quick to prevent its escape till it was large and fat enough to be killed; and shooting one of their neighbours with a bullet in a turnip-field by moonlight, mistaking him for a deer. Such men may even now be found in the New Forest survivors of the days before the Deer Removal Act in 1849, who used in their youth to indulge their tastes for this attractive form of poaching, and have never settled quietly down to the purely agricultural life since, but pick up a living, no one quite knows how, on the skirts of the forest.

First impressions of a new country are always vivid and delightful, if the district is worth visiting at all. Our first impression of Woolmer Forest promised so much that, though realised later, we could hardly believe that we had so quickly found what we had rather hoped than expected to discover. We knew that it was a thoroughly wild district, though so near to London; and that it had once been a noted haunt of rare birds we had Gilbert

White's authority. But whether the forest was anything more than an almost treeless waste, as in White's days, or whether it were beautiful as well as wild and little inhabited, was left for actual experience to discover. We were not long in doubt. The drive from Liphook Station on the South-Western Railway is only some three and a half miles, and the road to the house, in which we had secured quarters, ran beneath a steep, heather-covered ridge ending in the high peak of Walldon Hill. On the left was the lower broken ground of the forest, covered with thick plantations of fir, larch, and oak, mixed with heather and bog, and in parts, as we soon perceived, studded with shining pools. It was clearly still a paradise for birds; on almost every field or strip of moorland by the road the lapwings were running and rising, while the laugh of the woodpeckers, the call of the cuckoo, and the cooing of the ring-doves rang out from the woods below.

We at once stepped out into the margin of the forest to gain an idea of the country, and, if possible, to make friends with some of the natives. Woodland countries are the best homes for poor men. They gain much from the cheap supply of fuel, from the rabbits and fish, which in spite of prohibitions always find their way to the cottage, from the wild fruits and plants, the berries of the forest, and the cresses of the streams; and their work in the woods is better paid and more interesting than that of the field labourer. Add to this that at Woolmer the forester's cottage is often his own, gained by encroachment on the forest in days gone by; that he has frequently rights of common, and runs two or three active little cows in the forest; and you have a very pleasant specimen of the happy rural Englishman.

We soon discovered two or three foresters' homes, neat, low, red-tiled cottages scattered near a stream on some sound ground apparently reclaimed from a marsh. They had good gardens with plenty of wall-flowers and primroses in bloom. The men had just returned from their work of timber-logging in the woods; and the sitting-rooms were pervaded with a fine fresh odour of burning fir-cones, hot cake, and tea. We discussed the possibilities of finding rare nests in the forest, and were surprised to find how well-informed the men were as to the birds breeding in the district. Probably this is a survival of the days when the shooting and wild-fowling of the forest were more considered than at present.

As we were taking leave of the friendly woodman, a small boy, who had been listening, volunteered the remark that he knew of a snipe's nest close by, and led the way with his hands in his pockets, to a little wet hollow full of pale water-grass. From this, to our great surprise, two snipes rose at our feet, and we found the nest, a neat hollow in the grass, but without eggs. These, the urchin then informed us, he had broken the day before, because the bird had been sitting for some days and they were no good to eat. He apparently ascribed our disappointment to the fact that we had also wanted to eat them, for he presently ran after us down the road, and overtaking us, presented a small trout "for thee teas," as he remarked. We found he had caught the trout on a night-line baited with a worm. We did eat it (though not for "our teas"), and it was excellent, like a Scotch burn trout.

A snipe's nest and a poached trout in the first hour of our stay were an earnest of something very fresh and delightful on the morrow. Our temporary host was the chief warden of

the forest, who had built for himself a good brick house on the side of Wallardon Hill, roomy and commodious. He gave us entertainment and information; and it was arranged that next day we should accompany an under-warden, an old native of the forest, on his rounds.

The view across the forest at day-break was far more beautiful than we had anticipated. Wakened by the cuckoos which were shouting their call in the apple-trees under our windows, we saw below and beyond us miles of forest, partly woodland, partly heath. Rows of dark pines and feathery larches rose rank behind rank in the low ground, with clinging vapours floating across their lines, where the woods hid the swamps and marshes. Here and there rose brown, heather-crested hillocks, beyond which were wide heaths, and beyond all the lofty, purple ridge of Weavers' Down which closes the view across the forest southwards. To the right was the barren hill of Black Moor, and beyond that, some miles distant, the beech-crowned heights of Selborne and Hawley Hanger. Our main object of the day was to discover if the nests of the wild fowl, which Gilbert White said bred in the forest, were still to be found there. The old warden who was to accompany us had no doubt on the subject, and offered to show us a teal's nest within five minutes' walk of the house. We struck at once into a rough track leading to the low ground, with thick fir woods on our right, through heather which grew deeper as we descended the slope, dotted with self-sown firs. The whole air was fragrant with the scent of pine and heather, and of dew-drenched moss and lichens drying in the bright May-day sun; snakes rustled off among the drying grasses, and the grasshoppers were already beginning their summer song. Not a hundred yards down the track the warden

stopped and pointed to a miniature fir no larger than those which are sold for Christmas trees in the London shops, saying that the teal was sitting on her nest under the tree the evening before. We approached cautiously and peered into the heather. But there was no need of care. The little duck had hatched her brood that morning and had led them away down to the marsh. One addled egg and the shells of the others remained in the nest, which was very carefully made of moss and little tufts of down from the bird's breast. Had we paid our visit an hour earlier we might have surprised the whole family on their way to the marsh. The instinct with which wild ducks make for the water is very curious. We once had the fortune to surprise a family of young wild ducks endeavouring to reach the Round Pond by way of Kensington High Street. They were hatched somewhere in the grounds of Holland House; and though the old duck remained inside the railings in great anxiety, the ducklings were resolutely trotting down Holland Walk in the direction of the main road, until some of the gardeners were called, who caught the brood and transferred them to a basket. Beyond the teal's nest, hardly screened by a low plantation of seedling firs, lay a marsh; not a stretch of land lying in soak, a sponge of mosses and peat, such as the New Forest bogs, nor yet a swamp, such as rivers and brooks make when the course is partly choked and the slow stream winds through mud banks and alders with uncertain outlets, but a true stagnant marsh of standing waters, black and deep, but fringed, dotted, and divided by walls and lines of marsh plants. In the centre were upright masses of bright green reeds and rushes, with bays and inlets into which the marsh fowl swam as we approached. Clumps of

dwarf alder, hoary with lichen, grew straight out of the water, and here and there white limbs of drowned trees. From its margin came the croaking of thousands of frogs, an unusual sound to English ears; and everywhere among the rushes we caught glimpses of wild duck, teal, and water-hens. Several duck rose and flew round the marsh, but the greater number swam with their broods into the thick cover of the reeds.

In the early autumn as many as two hundred duck are sometimes found in this marsh. Anciently it was a lake and is still known as Hogmere, being named with the two other pools Cranmere, Wolmere, after the three creatures anciently common in the forest, the wild boar, the wolf, and the crane or heron. The herons breed there still, and we left the marsh to visit their ancient haunts near the Stags' Wood and the Deer Hut at the south-eastern corner of the forest. On our way we searched a rough hill-side for a wild duck's nest. Looking for a wild duck's nest in acres of heather and seedling firs seems rather a hopeless task; but we discovered one in less than twenty minutes. A single feather gave the clue, and after diligent search the nest was found, placed like the teal's under a dwarf fir. Large plantations lie to the south between Hogmere marsh and the herony. The fir-trees are full of squirrels' nests; so numerous are they that almost every fifth tree seems to hold one. The warden, in order to save the pheasants on his beat, shot five hundred squirrels in one winter as food for the foxes. Beyond the firs lie some woods of oaks, much mixed with holly, which is indigenous to all the better soil of the neighbourhood. These woods were planted by Cobbett's enemy "the smooth Mr. Huskisson," who incurs a share of Cobbett's in-

vective for planting fir; but it is clear that this was only done on soil which would grow nothing else, and in Woolmer, as in the New Forest, the fir sows itself and is increasing naturally. In the oak woods a little spaniel of the keeper disturbed a hen-pheasant from her nest. The bird at once began a series of astonishing jumps and flutterings, rising and falling over the bushes, and the spaniel at once followed in chase; the old bird when she had decoyed the dog to a safe distance, rose, and flew round in a circle, pitching near to the nest. It held ten eggs, which the keeper decided to remove and place under a hen.

Besides the larger pools, Woolmer Pond, Hogmere and Hollywater, there are numbers of smaller ponds in the forest, often connected by little winding streams half choked with leaves and stained rust colour by iron ore. One of them, a narrow sheet of water some hundred yards long and forty broad, lay on our way to the heronry, and as it was studded with great bunches of common rush, we took off our boots and stockings to hunt for water-hens' nests. Almost every one of the big rush-crowns held either an old nest, a water-rat's seat, or a half-finished moorhen's or dabchick's nest. One only, a moorhen's, held eggs; a clutch of nine, some of which we transferred to our collecting boxes.

Heronries are always set in picturesque spots, and usually in the largest and most ancient trees of the neighbourhood. Probably the tallest trees in England occupied by herons' nests are the beeches on Vinney Ridge in the New Forest, whose tops are so high that they are above the usual angle of sight even as the head is carried when searching tall trees. At Woolmer the herons build in the centre of a wood of very tall Scotch firs. The nests are not close together but

scattered in the wood, though each tree that bears one is in sight of one or two more; they are made of huge piles of brambles and light dead sticks, and the trees occupied by the birds may generally be detected at some distance by the bright green appearance of the trunk, which is covered with dusty lichen, the result apparently of repeated dressings of fish-manure. After careful search we discovered ten nests, from each of which the hen bird slipped off, and then circled round far above with angry croaks, until the sky was full of the wide-winged drifting forms of the birds. As we remained quiet and did not disturb them, they came back one by one, and settled down to brood the young, the remains of the bright blue egg-shells under the trees showing us that every set of eggs had been hatched. These herons are a great ornament to the forest; but are not looked upon with favour by the owners of the artificial trout-pools now so common round the mansions of Surrey and North Hampshire. They make nightly visits to the breeding-pools, and work terrible havoc among the young fish. A cormorant is said to devour fourteen pounds' weight of fish a day; a heron can hardly live on less than half that quantity, and even the resources of the upper Wey, which under the name of the Deadwater forms a natural northern boundary to the Woolmer district, must suffer from their fishing. Beyond the heron's wood lies what in the New Forest would be termed a lawn, a triangle of smooth close turf dotted with holly bushes and juniper, opposite a very old inn called the Deer's Hut. Close by the house is a fine oak, the best in this part of the forest; and behind it begins a stretch of more fertile land, which grows in richness till it becomes hop-garden near Liphook. Between the Deer's Hut and Walldon

Hill lies the wooded portion of the district. To the south the land is strangely wild, barren, and forbidding, rising by a gradual ascent to the great ridge of Weavers' Down, dark, treeless, and heathery, commanding a view over some of the finest hill country of the south, with the forest district at its feet. The hills of Selborne, Black Moor, Hindhead, Haslemere, Crooksbury, Blackdown, and the high chalk downs of the Meeon valley, are the main features in the circle.

From whatever point the Forest is seen the eye is attracted by a dark rounded clump of pines rising from a conical hill south-east of the main mass of woods. This is Holly Water Clump, a landmark in the district and a beautiful feature when visited and explored. The hill is a steep rounded cone, covered at the bottom with oak, and surmounted by a grove of immensely tall Scotch firs, which rise almost without a branch to a height of one hundred and fifty feet. This is a stronghold of all the robber birds of the Forest; every other tree seemed to hold an old crow's or hawk's nest; many were still occupied, and we could hear the faint cry of the young crows, young sparrow-hawks, and a brood of magpies, safe in the unclimbable trees, while the old birds soared and circled far above. Several of the trees had been struck by lightning, and where the bark had been stripped by the descending current, the tree had become unsound. These narrow strips had for generations been used by woodpeckers as places for their nests. Apparently a new hole was cut each year, for in some trees there were several, bored one above the other like stops in a flute. Under one, which was recently cut, we found the white shell of a woodpecker's egg which the squirrels had stolen and sucked that morning.

At the back of the mound, almost under the pines, nestles a pretty cottage on a terrace cut from the sandy slope. With its old tiled roof, its cherry and apple trees in full blossom, and the little lake below, it is a model of a rustic home. This lake is the completion of the beauties of Holly Water. It is a long deep pool, fringed on one side by oak woods, on the other by masses of ancient holly, which give it its name. From the pool runs a narrow swift stream, dammed in places by miniature sluices, to join the Deadwater a mile or so below. In places it is almost arched over by wild rose and woodbine; the banks are close turf set with daisies and embroidered with moss and primroses. It is the choice streamlet of the Forest, and in its short course vies in beauty with the New Forest brooks and the becks of the Surrey Hills. The holly brake is not part of the Forest though naturally it forms a large wild annex to its borders. It is part of Linfield Common, which with the commons of Passfield, Bramshott, Oakhanger and others are so wild and beautiful that it is difficult to say where the forest region ends. Linfield Common consists in great part of oak and holly, massed in picturesque clumps and glades like a miniature wood from the New Forest. The oaks and hollies alternate by the side of the road, the former making their branches meet above while the hollies stand like a green wall between the trunks. Woolmer Pond, except in size, does not compare favourably with the other pools in the Forest. It is a desolate sheet of water, lying on a bed of half-hardened sand impregnated with iron, into which the neighbouring slopes drain but without any outlet in the form of brook or marsh. It has not even the beauty of Sowley Pond on Beaulieu Heath in the New

Forest, which is deep, bright, and fringed with heather, though unshaded by trees and destitute of the delta of reeds and water-plants which make the head of any stream-fed pool interesting. Woolmer Pond is, in fact, a gigantic puddle, such as may be seen on most village greens. Its waters have shrunk and left a strip of sand and mud between the margin and the true bank. In winter wild-fowl still assemble there, but not in the numbers in which Gilbert White saw them. On the long hill north of the pond is Lord Selborne's fine house, and the village and church of Blackmoor. Beyond lies the road to Selborne, through scenery and soil very different from that of the Forest. The transition from heather and wilderness to rich loamy fields, hop-gardens, and ancient meadows, is not the least charm of a walk along this border of the Forest. The bird-life changes with the change of soil and plants. In place of pert whinchats and furzechats flirting their tails on the juniper-bushes and dwarf pines, the yellow-hammer and chaffinch fly along the lanes. The brook which runs down from the two ponds at Oakhanger is set with violets and primroses; water-wagtails and white-throats, thrushes, robins, and tits, all show that we are once more in the country of cornfields, hard-wood trees, comfort, and cultivation.

But that is a kind of scenery which can be enjoyed in most parts of rural England. The aesthetic value of the Forest is that for eight hundred years its surface has never been tormented by the plough, the harrow, or the scythe. It is almost uninhabited, and were it not for the War Office, to

whom it has for some years been leased by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, as an occasional manœuvring-ground for the troops from Aldershot and Winchester, it would have no roads either. Unfortunately straight military roads have been cut across it,—a great disfigurement to its wild appearance.

Now that by a curious irony these secluded forest areas, once seized by the Sovereign for his sole enjoyment, have passed into the keeping of the nation, the question arises whether it would not be well to imitate the Norman Kings, and keep them as reserves, secure from all building, inhabitation, and development for the perpetual enjoyment of the people. This has been done, in a great measure, in the case of the New Forest, where Parliament has, so far as it can, secured that the greater part shall remain for ever open and wild. But until Parliament says otherwise, there is no reason why the Woods and Forests Department should not, in the pecuniary interests of the public, lease Woolmer Forest for building or make a new Aldershot there. The former is not a remote contingency. The pine and heather country is rapidly becoming a mere appendage to villa gardens, and the red houses extend from Farnham across Hindhead to Haslemere, and are even now beginning to fringe the Forest. If the builder once gets a foot on the Forest proper, we may bid good-bye for ever to the wild district from which Gilbert White derived such entertainment and satisfaction both as a naturalist and as a sportsman, the still unspoiled royal Forest of Woolmer.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA.

THE scene of this little drama is on the Breton coast, one of the wildest, most romantic, most varied, most perilous to be found anywhere in the world. To localise it more precisely, it is near the end of the small promontory terminated by the Point of the Raz, or Cape Raz. In front is the Bay of the Dead; the horizon is notched beyond the bay by a group of islands, mere rocks or reefs, the largest of which is the Isle of Sen; to the north-west is the Isle of Ouessant, the most western point of French territory. Brittany is famous for its "calvaries," its "pardons," its serving-maids, its fishermen, its poverty, and its beggars, the last adding to the picture a painfully discordant note. On every hand are seen fishing-villages, and hamlets making a pretence of agriculture, the names of nearly all commencing with *plo* or *plou*, of which Plogoff, Ploeven, Plogastel, Ploubenec, Plouescat, and Ploxepeit will serve as joyous specimens.

The Bretons do not scorn the consonants, as do the French in general, but give each its full value, so you can easily imagine that when a Breton speaks in earnest, as the Bretons usually do, it is difficult for the ocean howling among these rocks and caverns to drown his voice. All these villages, these bays, these inlets, cliffs, and islands, have their legends, some of which are really beautiful; and the French chroniclers and historical societies have collected them and put them into volumes that they may be preserved to posterity, and with the further laudable desire of attracting wealthy visitors, and thus

effecting a more equitable distribution of property. Artists come from afar to study the costumes and manners of the natives, for which they claim a remarkable local colour, and especially the fishermen and the sea in its peaceful or terrible moods. In summer the region is seldom without a liberal sprinkling of these vagrant searchers after the beautiful, whose presence is always welcome to the inhabitants, and who are generous according to their means. In fact as we glance across the landscape, we detect a gray blotch at the edge of that grove of stunted trees which is charitably attempting to soften the rugged aspect of the promontory of the Raz. We suspect it would, more closely scrutinised, resolve itself into human forms. Let us approach.

It is, in reality, a young man of apparently twenty-eight years, and a young woman seemingly of twenty-six, each in a costume sufficiently negligent to befit the artistic profession, and provided with the mechanical accessories essential to its practice. We cannot gratify the morbidly romantic reader by calling them handsome, but, not being averse to compromise, we can safely say that they are picturesque. It is a convenient term applying, in the language of the grammarians, both to persons and things. They blend harmoniously with their surroundings. He wears a gray suit that does not fit badly, and the not unbecoming cap of the Parisian students. Her dress is of a lighter shade than his, and fits fairly well. Her hat has not the form that the maidens of the Salvation Army have endeavoured to render fashionable,

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but might be made to resemble it by slightly crushing the brim. She has thrown it aside for the moment, revealing a delicate profile, a clear complexion, and giving greater freedom to an abundance of soft brown hair. His hair is dark, and, though not short, does not fall upon his shoulders, as perhaps it should. Both have intelligent faces, and the appearance of not having been driven to art as a means of keeping the wolf from the door.

The writer confesses his inability to give them a more flattering aspect, and if his portraiture does not render them romantic he cannot help it. There is something peculiar in the position of their easels. He is so placed as to command a view of the waves gently breaking on the rocks a little further on ; she sits in the path two or three yards in advance of him, a trifle to the right. She is a landscape-painter, and is making a study of rocks and trees in an opening in the wood before her. She is scarcely out of his line of sight, and a slight obliquity of vision on his part enables him to fully command her profile. This profile, it is evident, greatly pleases him ; and it is therefore not surprising that on his canvas the edge of a rock takes a feminine semblance, and the flecks of sunshine on her hair are transferred to the angles of the hard stone.

HE (*after some minutes of silence, reading from a French guide-book, and improvising where his knowledge of the language is at fault*) : "The Bay of the Dead is so called because of the shipwrecks that have occurred in it. These have been so numerous that the green depths of the sea may be truly said to be paved with human skeletons. Cape Raz is the terror of all the sailors along this coast, and no Breton fisherman ever passes it

without muttering this prayer : 'Oh, my God, help me in the passage of the Raz ; my bark is so little and the sea is so great !' Two hundred years ago the inhabitants were wreckers, who lived by plundering the vessels cast on these rocks. When the tempest was particularly violent they hastened to the shore. They attached lanterns to the horns of cows and oxen, which they fettered and drove here and there on the beach, thus deluding the storm-tossed mariners with the idea that the lights they saw were those of ships gently rocking at anchor in a safe harbour. There to the north-west is the beautiful island of Ouessant." Don't you see it ?

SHE (*looking in that direction*) : No.

HE : It is there all the same. (*Grandiloquently*) "The King said to Messire John, 'My man, ask anything my hand can give thee, and thou shalt have it.' Messire John asked neither Nantes, nor Rennes, nor St. Malo, not even Douarnenez. He said, 'My King, give me Ouessant, the beautiful island.' The King smiled, for he knew not Ouessant. He had not seen it proudly lifting its head in the midst of the raging ocean. He had not seen the white diadem of mist that crowns its forehead on summer mornings. No ; the King had not seen Ouessant."

SHE : That is very pretty. Where do you find it ?

HE : Here ; it is from a Breton legend by Paul Féval. (*Continuing*) "On this coast the Druids made their last stand against the advancing hordes of Christianity. Driven from the coast the little remnant fled to the neighbouring islands, where they continued their cruel rites. The Isle of Sen, opposite Cape Raz, is thought to have been the final refuge of the last of their priests, who lived there with his daughter. (*She turns her*

head entirely round to look at the famous island, not without danger to the vertebra brought into play by the effort.) Here the priest died at an advanced age, and his daughter, who was a very pure and beautiful young woman, extremely well educated for the epoch, and so accomplished with the sculls, that she would easily, were she living now, carry off the first prize in a boat-race, lived on in the lonely dwelling. Though a pagan and a sorceress, she was capable of noble deeds, and became famous for the timely aid she lent to fishermen lost in the storm and in danger of perishing. Her skiff skimmed the crests of the waves like a sea-bird, and at the fatal moment, when they thought all was over, she flashed upon their vision, arrayed in white like a guardian angel, tossed them the tow-line, and whisked them off to the shore so fast that it was quite useless for the tempest to attempt to follow them, and in a state of mind that did not permit them to scrutinise with scientific exactitude the motive-power responsible for their salvation, which they, living in an excessively superstitious age, could not fail to regard as supernatural. Her *protégés* safely landed, she returned hastily to her cavern to change her drenched apparel for other more comfortable, not to say, more hygienic."

SHE (*interrupting*): And so this pure and beautiful young woman lived in a damp and dismal cavern?

HE: Yes; but the cavern was comfortably furnished, and in a cupboard behind the bed was her father's treasure, sacks and sacks of gold, enough to buy my father's farm and all his fine cattle a thousand times over.

SHE: How awfully—

HE (*severely*): Did you not promise me last summer that you would never again utter a word of slang in my presence?

SHE (*pouting*): I suppose the American young women never use slang.

HE: No,—at least not after the cockney manner. But let me, like a skilful novelist, bring together the threads of my story, and hasten on to the *dénouement*.

SHE: Yes, do!

HE (*slightly disconcerted*): "This white-robed priestess of the old gods became entangled in a love-affair. In the meantime she had become converted to Christianity, but as a Druid priestess she had made vows of chastity, that her conscience, more sensitive than that of the young women of these days, would not permit her to break by contracting a Christian marriage. So, after having given her father's gold to the abbot of a neighbouring monastery to be disposed of as he thought best, she took her skiff and a single change of raiment, and sailed away beyond the horizon, into the dark, and was never seen again. There being at the moment no demand for new churches or convents, and the wreckers showing faint signs of remorse, the abbot built for their accommodation a city, in the style of architecture of the later Middle Ages, with a touch of the Renaissance."

SHE: Audierne, where we are stopping?

HE: Yes, since remodelled. Don't you detect traces of the ancient spirit of rapine in the present inhabitants?

SHE: I have sometimes thought so.

HE: It is certain. The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.

SHE (*thoughtfully*): Don't you think the pure and beautiful young woman, considered as a species or variety of the human race, is tending to disappear like certain animals of which we read in natural history?

HE : I have inclined to that belief several times in my life. But what gives you that idea ?

SHE : The thought had already occurred to me before coming to France, and has gathered strength since I have had a few glimpses into the irregular life led by the women who have chosen our profession, if following art in the desultory way in which you and I follow it can be called a profession. It has sometimes seemed to me that I was on the point of losing my own self-respect. (*She starts and shivers as if she were on the brink of a painful revelation.*)

HE (*without appearing to observe her emotion*) : As I have just said, I shared your opinion until about a year ago, when certain events occurred that in a measure modified my mode of thinking.

SHE (*innocently*) : That must have been about the time we met at De Vere's studio.

HE (*continuing in the same tone*) : As to men, let me say, that they have always been bad, irredeemably bad ; so bad that it is difficult to determine in what age they may have been worst, and utterly impossible to assert that at such or such a date they have deteriorated. Man cannot deteriorate ; and the person who supposes for the men of any age a relative purity is of a lightness or ingenuousness that appears to me incredible.

SHE : You are supremely unjust to your sex, though I must confess that I regarded the men as horribly bad until a comparatively recent date. It is a curious circumstance that about the time I began to lose all confidence in my own sex, I began to think better of yours.

HE (*meditatively*) : How strange and interesting it is to study one's own thoughts and—the thoughts of others ! By the way, when did you arrive in France ?

SHE : In the spring of last year. We met for the first time some three months later.

HE : And you have not been back since ?

SHE (*bending over her easel*) : No. You know that I went to pass the winter with my aunt in Andalusia. How odd we should have met you at Granada,—mere chance, of course. Aunt was delighted with your society, and very grateful for the aid you rendered to two lone and unprotected women. Again and again she said to me, how strange it was that a man of your wealth and good manners should remain unmarried.

HE (*wincing*) : Did she say that ?

SHE : Yes ; and a great deal more of the same sort. You had been some time in France, had you not, when I first met you ?

HE : Yes. I arrived a year ago last April.

SHE : And you have not been home since ?

HE : No. My affairs have not particularly required my presence ; my father's farm and cattle are well looked after. But, since we are getting so personal, can you not tell me something about your old home, your girl-life, and how you happened to become an artist ? Everything you might have to say on these points would interest me.

SHE (*looking grave and hesitating*) : Oh, you would find my personal record intensely prosaic. My past life has not the faintest *nuance* of the romantic. Still, if you insist, I will try. But you must commence ; it will give me time to collect my thoughts.

HE (*with an affectation of carelessness*) : Certainly, if that would please you. But you will be sadly disappointed ; for nothing can be duller than the life of a farmer in the

Western States. It is nothing but the genealogy of horses and cattle and the best methods of rearing them ; questions of soils and rotation of crops, bad seasons, ruinous prices, and all that sort of thing.

SHE : Oh, glide lightly over the technicalities. Your thoughts, your aspirations, the incidents of your daily life, your friends, your associations,—that is what I wish to know.

HE (*with an air of mockery to conceal an evident nervousness*) : Well then, here goes ! Twenty-eight years ago, near the town of Agueville, in the county of Hoopole, State of Indiana, there was born to the family of Paxton, magnates in the plebeian world of the region, a male child, so weak, so puny, so sickly, that all the old women of the neighbourhood said he would never arrive at the years of discretion, a prophecy that events have apparently justified. I should, perhaps, have said *manhood*, which he attained without other physical drawbacks than those engendered by the insalubrity of the region and the diseases incidental to infancy and boyhood. Shortly after the appearance of this inexperienced being in Hoopole county, his parents decided that he should be called Mark, that name having the sanction of Holy Writ and ancestral precedent, they not deeming worthy of consideration the appellations that history has transmitted to us through the trump of fame, or that romance has surrounded with a luminous halo peculiarly its own. (*He pauses, as if waiting for a tribute of applause, but She remains impassive.*) The child, Mark Paxton, was singularly precocious, so the neighbours said ; his mother deemed him preternaturally intelligent. His father having been induced to share this opinion, it was resolved, in a solemn family-council, that this promising offshoot of an honoured stock

should be withdrawn from the contaminating social influences of that region, and that his rare natural gifts should be gilded, refined, and developed by the best education the country could afford. So he passed in regular gradation by the ever-widening curriculum of the district-school, the village academy, and a celebrated Eastern university, which last institution he quitted, "his brow crowned with victorious laurels," to use the words of the orator of a delegation of the village Lyceum that met him at the station on his return home. Alas, that so fair a sky should be obscured by clouds, or even veiled by a morning mist ! The time had arrived to establish the young man in life, to choose for him a career. Ah, if a career could only be purchased, ready-made, like an article of dress ! The father all along desired that his son should be a lawyer, as a stepping-stone to Congress, and the "highest office in the gift of the nation." The son wished to be an artist, partly because he was tired of study, and the study of the law, and the life that followed it were laborious ; but principally because he was, in spite of what he had thus far accomplished, an idler and a vagabond, longing to wander in undiscovered lands and sail mysterious seas. To the people among whom he had been reared, to be an artist was to be a pariah. To his mother the idea was revolting. Her beloved son to go away among pagans who had never listened to the sage precepts of her favourite preacher, the Reverend Enoch Singsong, and to become the victim, perhaps, of one of those scheming artist-women, whose eccentricities sometimes get into the papers ! She could not bear to think of it.

SHE (*looking really pained*) : How shocking !

HE : The question of settlement in life proved particularly difficult. (A

pause.) Young men, you are aware, on arriving at years of discretion,—of manhood, I mean—must settle down and prepare for serious existence, which is, in most cases, an exasperating routine. (*A longer pause.*) The situation was momentous, for it was the first time in this young man's life that his will had run counter to that of his parents. (*A pause so long that his single auditor inclines to the belief that the biography is to be left incomplete.*)

SHE (aside): How painful his reminiscences appear to be! What can be the matter? Is it possible he is thinking of the girl he left behind him?

HE (resuming with an effort): At last a compromise was effected; life, they say, is made up of compromises. He assented to some of the propositions made to him, and it was agreed that, if he would wait a few years, carrying on meanwhile his art-studies in America, in an amateurish way, he might thereafter travel to learn what effete Europe had to teach him. In the eyes of his neighbours he was the amateur artist only, whose portraits of his father's horses and cattle drawn in charcoal on the barn-door, his caricatures of the district school-teacher and of the Reverend Singsong they had admired when he was a boy, and whose masterpiece, a *Storm on Shiver Creek*, had astonished and stupefied them later. Thus he passed three years of sad probation, the details of which would not have the slightest interest to the fair listener, at the end of which his relatives, or a part of them, consented to his departure for Paris, where you have met him, and known him, at least superficially. (*He snatches up the guide-book and reads.*) "Although Cape Raz rises two hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea, it seems at each instant about to be swallowed up in

the waves. Seen at a little distance it resembles a ship rocking at anchor. The earth trembles under your feet. A salt foam covers you, and the awful howling of the waves in the caverns underneath deafens and appals you, and affects you with a vertigo that makes you recoil in terror from the brink."

SHE: That is not so nice as what you read to me a little while ago.

HE: The fault is in the translation; but it is all true. If you could only see that ocean in a storm beating on these cliffs!

SHE: Then you have been down here in winter?

HE: Yes. Did not you see my picture at the last Salon?

SHE: Yes; but I did not know where you found the subject. Where did you make the sketch?

HE: There; further on; nearer the point.

SHE: Oh, yes; I recognise it now. I was quite taken with your picture. It was probably an advance on your *Storm on Shiver Creek*. If you send it to Agueville, your friends and admirers will, perhaps, confess that effete Europe had something to teach you.

HE: Possibly. But are we not wandering from the matter in hand, to-wit, a sketch of the early life, aspirations, and motives of action of Miss—?

SHE: Margaret Gaines, at your service. You knew that already.

HE: Yes; but not the rest.

SHE: Twenty-six years ago the subject of this weak and watery sketch was born at her father's parsonage near Stoke Pogis.

HE: Stoke Pogis! What a pretty name! I have read in Thomas Hood that there was once a riot there.

SHE: Yes; and Thomas Gray's mother lived there, and there is the churchyard that inspired his immortal

Elegy. Margaret Gaines (*a slight hesitation as if she were not quite certain of her own name*) was a strong and healthy babe, and her infant life glided gently over the little troubles of the first of the seven ages of woman like a stream over its pebbles. From her earliest childhood (without being preternaturally intelligent like the distinguished personage to whose fascinating biography an extremely limited public has listened with intense interest) she was inclined during her ample leisure to the reading of useful books, with which her father's library was liberally provided. Among them were certain works on art which aroused in her breast an instinct lying dormant,—I should say, the art-idea, which, later, was cultivated by visits to the National Gallery and the annual exhibitions, and by lessons from London masters and artists, some of whom spent their summer near her home. Her general education was not neglected. Begun under the wise guidance of an affectionate mother, it was continued at school, and finished, perhaps imperfectly, at a well-known woman's college near London. Why should there not come a crisis in every woman's as in every man's life? (*She pauses, as if oppressed with profound emotion.*)

HE (*aside*): How charming she is with her melancholy memories! But what can she have on her mind? Is it possible there is a lover in the case?

SHE (*not heeding him*): Parents cannot live for ever, as you are doubtless aware; and though mine are still in existence, they wished, in case of accident, that my future should be provided for. There was a difference of opinion in regard to the career I should pursue, and there was, as in your case, a compromise, they partially waiving their deeply-rooted prejudices to my choice of art as a profession, and consenting that after

a fixed period I should go to Paris in care of an aunt, who, as you have remarked, has left me full liberty to employ my time as I choose, and to select such society as I might find agreeable.

HE: A liberty that to my personal knowledge you have not abused. How the time flies! (*Looking up at the sky.*) The sun is sloping slowly to the west. (*Looking at his watch.*) Three o'clock, if it is a minute. How are you getting on with your sketch? (*rising and going to look at her canvas.*) Oh, you idle girl; you have hardly laid it in! Don't you think the perspective is a little out? That tree leans a little too far this way. (*As he leans over a lock of his hair lightly brushes her cheek.*)

SHE (*shrinking with maidenly modesty*): Don't you think you are leaning too far this way, sir?

HE: If I displease you, I will go away; but it is so pleasant to be near those you——ahem!

SHE (*softening*): And how are you getting on with *your* sketch? (*She goes over to inspect it.*) You lazy thing; you have done nothing at all! You have only painted some of the corners and edge of that rock, and,—and,—why, you have made it look like a human face!

HE: How could I help it? (*He passes his arm about her waist.*)

SHE (*with a little shriek, and turning towards her easel*): We are observed. Look there; a gentleman and lady coming down the path!

HE: You are mistaken. They have not yet entered the wood; they have not seen us; we are in the shadow of the rock.

SHE: They are surely coming this way. Are they not Americans?

HE (*bringing his field-glasses to bear on the lower part of the lady's person*): Yes, the lady is; her shoes seem to have been made for her.

SHE: Unkind, unknighthly! The national prejudice! Do you recognise them?

HE (*bringing his glasses to bear on the upper part of the lady's person*): They are at this moment in shadow, but I seem to have seen the lady.

SHE (*taking the glasses*): I have certainly seen the gentleman somewhere.

HE (*hastily retaking the glasses*): By all the pagan gods, it is she!

SHE (*snatching the glasses from his trembling hand*): Yes, yes, it is he! (*She sinks with crushing weight on her sketching-stool. They remain motionless as if carved in stone. There is only heard in the oppressive silence the faint sobbing of the sea, and the footsteps of the strangers, who continue calmly to advance and at last stand before them.*)

THE GENTLEMAN (*sternly*): And so, Mistress Margaret Gaines Buxton, I have found you at last, and in strange company. What have you to say to an injured husband?

THE LADY: And you, Mr. Mark Paxton, what have you to say to an injured and deserted wife? Is it bigamy you are contemplating, and with this,—this,—(*she finishes the sentence with a withering glance at the landscape-painter, who tries to hide herself behind her easel. The situation is unique, and no one seems to know precisely how to break the pause that follows. The new-comers endeavour to fill up the interval by glaring fiercely at the cowering culprits.*)

THE GENTLEMAN (*to his companion*): My dear Eusebia, let us not prolong this agonising scene. Shall we not lift the veil? Shall we not tell them all?

THE LADY: Yes; you.

THE GENTLEMAN: No; you.

THE LADY: Yes, we will tell them all. Know, then, sinful couple, that you are free.

HE AND SHE (*faintly, like voices heard in dreams*): Free?

THE LADY: Yes, free as air. Faithless man, I take pleasure in informing you that I am no longer Mrs. Paxton.

THE GENTLEMAN: Incorrigible woman, the fiat of the law has gone forth; you are no longer Mrs. Buxton.

THE LADY (*in narrative style, with a shade of the dramatic*): When Mr. Buxton was left alone and helpless in his deserted home, when the fire on his domestic hearth went out in the ashes of despair, having first taken the wise precaution to send an artistic amateur (found at Scotland Yard) to inspect the Paris studios, he decided to make the tour of the United States as the only possible means of alleviating his grief. I had met him in Rome five years before, when I was in Europe with mother; and while on his way from New York to St. Louis, he stopped at father's to renew the acquaintance, and impart certain information which it seemed important I should be possessed of. Once there, he seemed disinclined to leave, and his society was such a ray of sunshine shed into our lonely life, that no one felt disposed to hasten his departure. My friends, aware of my irregular condition,—so young and a grass widow—suggested divorce as the only available solution of the problem. I tried it and found it easy as,—but Mr. Buxton is prejudiced against American slang. Incompatibility, mania for art, desertion, failure to provide, etc., etc.; I had reasons enough to divorce a regiment of women. The judge said in granting me permission to resume my maiden name: "The divorce laws of Indiana do not regard marriage as a Gordian knot that can only be severed by the stroke of a tyrant's sword, but as an easily adjusted mutual bond, whose yielding ties fall promptly asunder at

the gentle and humane touch of justice. Mrs. Paxton,—I mean, Miss Greencorn—your heroic conduct is a noble lesson to the down-trodden and abandoned,—I should say, forsaken—women of the State.” Our liberal and impartial laws were equally indulgent to this gentleman. A week after the disappearance of Mrs. Paxton from the aristocratic circles of Hoopole County, she was replaced in the same select society by Mrs. Buxton, younger and lovelier than ever. Then came a tour of Europe as a matter of course. (*Sarcastically*) Being at Douarnenez, and hearing you were here, we came naturally to pay our compliments. Here are our wedding-cards. We would have invited you to the ceremony had we known where you were at the moment.

THE GENTLEMAN (*with a look of fond admiration*): How extremely well you talk, my darling!

THE LADY: Yes; it is in the family. Father stumped the State at the last presidential election.

THE GENTLEMAN (*looking up at the sun, and then at his watch*): Don’t you think, Eusebia, we have wasted all the time we can afford on these unhappy beings? The carriage waits at Plogoff. The train leaves Douarnenez for Paris at midnight.

THE LADY: Yes, let us be gone; we have stayed too long. (*As she turns away she lets her shawl fall to her waist as if by accident. Her companion replaces it on her shoulders, at the same time imprinting ostentatiously a kiss upon her lips, which she returns with usury. They saunter off up the path and disappear from the wood without looking back. There follows a pantomime lasting several minutes in which the two crushed and humiliated artists participate without seeming conscious of each other’s presence. For a while they sit mutely gazing at the sea making from time to time despairing gestures. Then they rise, mechanically gather up their implements, and prepare to depart. Now and then their eyes meet with a look of interrogation to which neither responds. Other and less gloomy thoughts seem to come with reflection. The hopeless look gives place slowly to one of resignation, then of contentment, then of supreme satisfaction as they proceed arm-in-arm up the path.*)

HE (*fondly embracing her as they emerge into the sunlight*): At last we are out of the woods.

SHE (*yielding to his passionate demonstrations*): Yes; we have only to fix the day. (*They disappear, radiant, down the slope.*)

THE SCOTTISH GUARD OF FRANCE.

THE friendships of nations, like the friendships of individuals, are often so strangely assorted as to admit only of the paradoxical explanation that those which differ most in character work best when yoked together. The influence of climate and of race does indeed invincibly assert itself at times of great moment, as, for instance, when the Teutonic nations accepted the Reformation and the Latin nations rejected it; but such critical occasions are rare, and even they can only gradually shake the stability of a popular sentiment that has endured for centuries. England as a nation has not, and rarely has had, a friend; she is isolated, and the world delights to impress her isolation upon her. Once indeed she drew very close to Holland, so close that, after fighting her battles for two generations, she offered to make one Republic with her; but the only results were seven of the fiercest naval engagements ever known, and the ousting of the Dutch from their dominion of the sea. The only European people, who, having passed from under our rule, conspired to return to it, were the Gascons at the close of the Hundred Years' War. There can be no more curious example of the caprices of national friendship than this. Normandy and Brittany, nearer to us in breed, climate, and position, joyfully cast us out; and the hot-blooded province of the South, for all that it had once rebelled against the Black Prince, entreated us to stay.

With Scotland the case was different. She had for many hundred years a friendship, hardly extinguished until the middle of the last century, which brought woes unnumbered both

upon England and herself, and many times threatened to overwhelm England altogether. So surely as an English expedition went to France, down came the Scots across the border. The victory of Neville's Cross was won when Edward the Third lay before Calais; the victory of Flodden was won when Henry the Eighth lay before Tournay. The story was eternally the same.

If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin.

Nothing could shake the friendship of France and Scotland; and it was when France was in her direst need that Scotland came forward to help her in her own territory, and for reward received the high privilege of guarding the sacred person of the French king.

If we are to believe the legend that grew up around the sentimental connection between the two countries, Charles the Fat had a guard of eighty Scots in the year 886; and Saint Louis, when he went to the Holy Land, took with him, according to one authority, the same number of Scotch gentlemen to guard him night and day, and called them Archers of the Body. Charles the Fifth is said to have added seventy-five archers to this corps, of which two were always to be at his side at very meal. But the true rise of the Scots Guard must be traced to those darker days, after the victory of Agincourt and the irresistible progress of Henry the Fifth had wrung from France the Treaty of Troyes and the heritage of the French crown for an English king.

Already in 1418, four years before

the death of Henry, the Dauphin Charles had sent ambassadors to the Court of Scotland to beg for aid ; and it was then decided by the Regent, Robert Stewart, Duke of Albany, to send a considerable force to France, under his son, Sir John Stewart, Earl of Buchan, Archibald Douglas, Earl of Wigton, and Sir John Stewart of Darnley. Spain provided a fleet of transports, and in May of the following year, a first detachment of four hundred and fifty men, eluding the vigilance of the English, landed in France under Douglas, and was presently followed by seven thousand more under Buchan. Yet another division under John Stewart of Darnley came over in January, 1421, and therewith the Scotch contingent was complete. It consisted, as usual, of lancers armoured from head to heel, and of archers who, it was hoped, though in vain, might vie with their more famous brethren of England. Moreover they had learned by painful experience the tactics of the English, and had to all intents adopted them as their own.

Their first encounter with the English a month later was not encouraging, for though they lost but few men, they left in the hands of the enemy the whole of their pay, twelve thousand crowns in gold, which was a blow on a sensitive point. In a very few weeks, however, they took their revenge by defeating the Duke of Clarence at Beaugé, Clarence himself falling by the hand of Buchan, and some two thousand English falling by his side. The victory was really notable, for it marked the first pause in the long flood of English triumph since Agincourt. Charles, the Dauphin, was lavish in his rewards ; Buchan was made Constable of France, the highest military office in the kingdom ; the other leaders received grants of land, and every captain some bene-

fit in money or in kind. In fact, for the moment the French seemed to have looked upon their troubles as over ; but they were prematurely sanguine.

The defeat of Clarence brought King Henry in high wrath into the field, and French garrisons fell before him like autumn leaves before the wind. No quarter was given to Scotch prisoners, whom he treated as rebels ; it was too much to see his work in France undone by his neighbours in the North, when their king lay prisoner in his hands. So while the French were spared, the Scotch went to the gallows ; and this treatment did not make them less bitter against the English. But presently the great warrior was struck down by his last illness. It was hard for him to die at thirty-four, having done so much ; but men explained that it was a judgment for having permitted his soldiers to violate the Abbey of Saint Fiacre, the son of an ancient king of Scotland. "What," he said impatiently, "I can't go anywhere without being bearded by Scotchmen, living or dead!" Had he lived he would have taken his revenge on this irritating nation ; but in a few weeks he was carried slowly across France to his last home in Westminster Abbey, and the Scots were free to take satisfaction from his successor, if they could get it.

They rested not long before they sought it. In July, 1423, Stewart of Darnley laid siege to Crevant, and on the evening of the 31st he was face to face, across the Yonne, with an English force under the Earl of Salisbury, which had come to relieve the town. The situation of the English was critical ; another army was coming up in their rear, and unless they could force the passage of the river they were ruined. In the course of the night they found a bridge, over which they threw part of their army,

and in the morning the rest forded the river in their front, waist-deep, to attack the Scots who were awaiting them on the other bank. The turning movement of the party that had crossed the bridge, and a sally from the garrison in the rear scared away the Gascons, Spaniards, and Lombards who formed part of the French army, and the Scots were left to fight the battle alone. They fought it gallantly; but out-maneuvred and deserted they had no chance, and were cut to pieces where they stood. Robert Stewart was wounded and taken, and three thousand Scots were left dead on the field. The English army did not exceed four thousand men.

Charles now sent Buchan back to Scotland to beg reinforcements, and in the opening days of 1424, ten thousand Scottish men-at-arms, together with other troops, arrived at Rochelle under the command of Douglas. Charles was in raptures: he made over to Douglas the Duchy of Touraine; and for a few months all went merrily, till on the 17th of August the English met the French and their Scotch allies under the walls of Verneuil. The French had twenty thousand men against twelve thousand English; but the latter had with them John Duke of Bedford, Suffolk, Salisbury, and old John Talbot. The French were drawn up in one dense line, with the Scots men-at-arms dismounted, after the English fashion, in the centre under the Constable; and cavalry on each wing. The English centre consisted of four thousand dismounted men-at-arms, with archers on the flanks. Bedford brought but ten thousand men into line, two thousand archers being detached to guard the horses and baggage. The whole morning the two armies stood and looked at each other, until at last, at three in the afternoon, the French advanced, and were received by the English with

a mighty shout. The French cavalry on the wings charged, swept round the rear of the English, fell upon the baggage, and after capturing some small quantity of it galloped away, making sure that the victory was won. But meanwhile the dismounted men, Scotch and English, had met, and were fighting desperately. For a moment the English gave way before overwhelming numbers, but they recovered themselves, and presently the archers, broken for the moment by the cavalry, rallied, while the baggage-guard, released from all anxiety, hurried up likewise with loud shouts. Then the Scots wavered; the English pressing on broke up the huge battalion, and all was confusion. The slaughter was terrible, for the Scots had warned Bedford before the action that they would neither give nor receive quarter; and they certainly received none. Buchan, Douglas, and his son, were slain, and five thousand more with them, and two hundred more men of rank were taken prisoners. The English loss did not exceed sixteen hundred. Verneuil was in fact as brilliant an action as ever was fought by the English; it was not till Blenheim that France received such another defeat at their hands.

For the present the Scots could do no more for Charles; and Charles could do no more for the Scots, except to appoint them to be his body-guard; and from the year 1425 it may certainly be said that the kings of France were guarded by Scotchmen. It was not till three years later that King James the First bound himself by treaty to send over six thousand more men-at-arms; and before that time the relics of the original force had received yet another disgraceful beating from the English at the Battle of the Herrings. The problem that was set to them in that action was simple enough, being no more

than the capture of an ill-guarded convoy; but the Scotch and the French could not agree as to the method of attack. The former wished to fight on foot, and the latter on horseback. Finally each party attacked in its own style, with the result that the Scotch were very roughly handled by the English archers while the French rode out of range, and that the convoy made its way triumphantly with its Lenten victuals to the trenches round Orleans.

Soon after the tide turned, and under the leadership of Joan of Arc the Scotch auxiliaries took heavy vengeance for their past defeats. It was a Scotchman, Hamish Polwart, who painted her standard; and it was a body-guard of Scotchmen who escorted the French King, under her guidance, to his coronation at Rheims. An old engraving is still preserved which shows them striding into the city, bow and shaft in hand; gigantic men, a head and shoulders taller than any Frenchman, but all bearing the white cross of France on their breasts, and round the hem of their breast-plates the name of their master Charles. During the next fifteen years they were incessantly engaged against their old enemies, until in 1444, a truce was made, and the English, reduced to exhaustion by a task beyond their strength, took their last breathing-space before their final expulsion from France.

Charles turned the time of peace to good account. Hitherto English tactics and organisation had been far superior to French; but France now shot ahead, and laid the foundation of her standing army by the establishment of her Compagnies d'Ordonnance. Of these the first two were composed entirely of Scots and were named respectively the Scotch Company of the King's Body-guard, and the

Scotch Men-at-Arms. Thus early were the North Britons installed in the place which they held for three centuries and more, the service corps, both of Guards and of Gendarmerie, in the French army. The rank was high and the service was honourable; the whole company of men-at-arms had the grade of gentlemen; they were well paid and sumptuously dressed, and the flower of the youth of Scotland flocked willingly to the French standard. Every man-at-arms had the right to keep a squire, a valet, a page, and two servants, the first three of which places were filled by young apprentices who could all hope to rise from rank to rank until they reached the highest. Stuarts, Murrays, Douglasses, Spens, Cunninghams, Crawfords, Ramsays, and a score more of great names filled the muster-rolls; and some of them, strangely distorted, may still be read in the lists collected in these days by patriotic countrymen.

The brief truce of 1444 was soon broken, and the Scots at liberty to do their worst against the English. Gascony, as has been said, would have clung to England, so a Scotch captain, Robert Patillock, was sent to reduce it to the French allegiance,—as strange an incongruity as can be found in history. The feeble Somerset, whose avarice had done more to destroy English dominion in France even than French military reform, sought to gain the Scots by bribery, but succeeded only in enticing one Robert Campbell to a traitor's death. France, except Calais, was lost to England, and the Scotch companies were now to fight against new enemies.

A few years later, in 1461, Charles the Seventh died, amid the loud lamentation of his faithful Scots, and there came on the scene the man whom the genius of Walter Scott has

identifi for ever with the Scotch Guard, King Louis the Eleventh, "with the leaden Virgin in his hat." The talent French nobles, headed by Charles of Charolais, soon to be known as Charles the Bold, at once turned against him; and at Monthéry the two parties met to decide the issue by force of arms. Louis, alive, as few soldiers of the day were, to the value of rapid movement, allowed no time for his army to be concentrated, but pressed on with a handful of men, his Guards and two thousand cavalry, and meeting the Burgundians attacked them without hesitation. His assault was so impetuous that he routed the enemy's vanguard, which was ill-ordered and undisciplined. But the bulk of the Burgundians were still undamaged, and Louis was so hard pressed that but for the devotion of the Scotch Guard he would not have saved the day. When night came he still held his position, but each side was under the impression that it had gained the victory; and the Scotch Guards finally carried him back in their arms to the castle of Monthéry, where they closed the engagement by beating off a detachment of the enemy's cavalry and severely wounding Charles himself.

Three years later, at the siege of Liége, a sally by the townsmen brought Louis into still greater peril of his life, and put his Guard still more to the proof in defence of his person. True to their charge, they took their stand in the house where he lay, and refused to budge an inch, showering arrows in the confusion impartially on friend and foe, but at all events sweeping the whole turmoil away. Louis then formed a fresh company of Guardsmen, to which none were admitted but gentlemen of good family, and so gathered yet another hundred Scots around him. In the days of an old age sour and suspicious even be-

yond those of his prime, the Scottish Guards seem to have been the one body that he regarded with something approaching to confidence; and it was to them that on his deathbed he entrusted the care of his son Charles.

With him they began new career of adventure; and the country in which the English had made, through Hawkwood, an undying name, looked for the first time, not without amazement, on the Guard that escorted the French King through Florence and Rome. The Swiss, with their military dignity and astonishing order, were the force that most impressed the men, but the Scots in their white jerkins covered with gold embroidery, setting off their stately appearance and their gigantic stature, conquered men and women alike; and many a tender glance, if we are to believe a rhyming French chronicle, was thrown at them as they rode through the streets of Rome. "Each man's a giant, big as an elephant, bold and triumphant; God save them all!" such were the whispers that passed, according to our authority, from lip to lip of the Roman ladies, and we cannot doubt but that they were received with becoming condescension by the Gentlemen of the Guard.

Then, after the idle time of display, came that of serious business. At Fornovo, during the first retreat from Italy, a hundred of the Scottish Guard stood shoulder to shoulder against a charge of Italian men-at-arms, after a fashion not expected of archers taken at such disadvantage, and did great execution with their swords, though in saving the King they left a tenth of their number dead on the ground. But Charles had endeared himself most singularly to his Scotch archers; so much so that one actually died of grief at his death.

After him came Louis the Twelfth, who carried on the enterprise against

Italy as vigorously as his predecessor and showed a particular predilection for the Scots, who served him, volunteers as well as Guards, with more devotion than success, and in the person of Marshal Stuart d'Aubigny earned grateful recognition in the chronicles of Brantôme. The Guard was more fortunate than its chivalrous countrymen. It helped to crush the power of Venice at Agnadel in 1509, and did most notable service against the Spanish at Ravenna in 1512. At the latter action the French infantry, landsknechts for the most part, had been pretty well beaten by the artillery and musketry of the Spaniards, when two hundred of the Scottish archers came up, armed with axes, and fell on with such fury that they beat the Spaniards back and captured their most brilliant soldier, the Marquis Pescayra himself. So excellent indeed was the service done by the Scottish auxiliaries that Louis in 1513 granted letters of denization to the Scottish people at large, and drew the bond that united the two nations closer than ever.

Shortly after the Guard was engaged in the terrible two days' battle of the French against the revolted Swiss at Marignano, where they behaved so gallantly that a French historian, Joachim du Bellay, vowed he would make the world ring with their fame. Then, ten years later, they learned at Pavia the meaning of a great defeat, and for the first time failed, in spite of all possible bravery, to save their sovereign in the time of need. Pescayra, the same man who had surrendered to them at Ravenna, had been carefully studying the tactics of musketry in the interval, and had taught the Spanish arquebusiers how to maintain a continuous fire which could not only annihilate columns of pikemen, but overthrow the chivalry of France as efficiently as the archers

of Crecy had overthrown it. So Francis, his armour dinted in a score of places by bullets, was taken prisoner in spite of the body-guard, after the heaviest defeat suffered by the French since Agincourt. The Scotch enjoy the credit of having been cut to pieces around him; but the muster-rolls show that, how many soever may have been wounded, but few were killed, so the legend must unfortunately be abandoned.

We come next to the strangest tragedy in the history of the Scottish Guards, the death of a king of France by the hand of one of them. The long wars of France and the Empire had for the moment ceased with the peace of Chateau Cambrésis, and the King, Henry the Second, was celebrating the weddings of his sister and daughter with the usual amusement of jousts. He ran two courses against the Duke of Savoy and the Duke of Guise with much skill, for he was one of the best horsemen in his kingdom; and then in an unlucky moment he called on Gabriel Montgomery, son of the Captain of the Scottish Guard, and himself second in command, to break yet another lance with him. Montgomery, a big, powerful young fellow, was not very eager; but he obeyed, and struck the King so roughly with his lance as almost to thrust him out of the saddle. Irritated by his failure, Henry challenged him to run again. Montgomery refused point-blank, and when pressed offered every excuse that he could find; the Queen also twice endeavoured to dissuade the King, but in vain. He bade Montgomery on his allegiance to mount, and the course was run. Both lances were shivered, but the broken shaft in Montgomery's hand flew up, and forcing open the visor of his helmet drove a splinter deep into the King's head above the right eye. Henry dropped his reins and reeled over his

horse's neck, but, on being lifted from the saddle, said that it was nothing, and that Montgomery was not to blame. The wound was, however, fatal, and in a fortnight he was dead.

Quem Mars non rapuit, Martis imago rapit,

wrote the French court-poet of the day, without noticing the really tragic point in the incident. Gabriel, poor man, also came to a bad end, for he embraced Protestantism, became a leader of the Huguenots, and after inflicting a severe defeat on the Catholics at Orthez, was finally captured, after a gallant defence of a besieged town, and beheaded in Paris.

His career was emblematic of much that went forward in the sixteenth century. Religious differences, with two such persons as Mary Stuart and John Knox to represent opposing parties, were fast undermining the old friendship of France and Scotland. Scotch Catholics fled to France, and French Huguenots took refuge in England, and England had considerably the best of the exchange. Henry the Third even refused to take a Scotch company of men-at-arms, which had volunteered to serve him, into his pay. England, in fact, was growing too strong to be lightly offended, and the Scotch alliance, since it did not bind the whole nation, was no longer of value. Henry the Fourth was a man far more to the taste of Scotland at large; the old allies helped him to gain his throne, and the Guard, honoured by him as by every sovereign, escorted him to his coronation.

So for a short time the ancient friendship was revived and refreshed by tactful compliments from Henry, who gave to all Scots resident in France greater advantages than they had ever enjoyed, and to the Guards in particular his own special protection. But the play was by this time played out. England and Scotland

were now united under one crown, and the French began to complain that the recruits for the Guard were not Scotch, but English; and though there had been in the past English companies in the French service, and were yet to be regiments, Royal-Anglais and others, yet the true Englishman preferred as a rule to fight against rather than for France, while Frenchmen, on their part, liked the English better as enemies than as friends. The Scotch Guard rapidly ceased to be Scotch in anything but name. As early as 1612 the corps presented a petition of complaint that two-thirds of its numbers were French, and that its old privileges were disappearing. James the First took up their cause in England, and endeavoured to reinstate them, not without a certain measure of success; but the heart of the matter, the old alliance of France and Scotland, was gone, and nothing but the empty husk remained. There was still the old division of twenty-five Archers of the Body, and seventy-five Archers of the Guard; but French names became ever more frequent, and Scotch names rarer on the muster-rolls.

The outward change came more swiftly in the senior corps of archers than in that of the men-at-arms. The last Scotch captain of the former was appropriately enough the Gabriel Montgomery who had been the death of Henry the Second; and his reign ceased in 1557, the very year, singular to say, when the first Scotch covenant was signed in Edinburgh, and but one year before the final expulsion of the English from Calais. The coincidence is notable, for from the moment that the Scotch ceased to be a united nation the old alliance began to wane. The men-at-arms enjoyed a Scotch chief for some time longer. To all intent the corps was an appanage of the Stuarts of Aubigny,

James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, furnishing in 1515 the one break during a century and a half of the eternal recurrence of the same name. But the list of the last five captains is curious. In 1567 James the Sixth of Scotland was appointed at the request of his mother Mary: in 1601 Henry, afterwards Prince of Wales, succeeded him; and in 1620 Charles, Prince of Wales, followed his brother. Then came a captain who brought in a new name, George Gordon, Earl of Enzie, afterwards second Marquis of Huntly. He actually took command of them, and served with great distinction against the Austrians in Lorraine and Alsace; fighting indeed for the French king more resolutely than he ever fought for his own sovereign, though he ended his career on the scaffold through the tender mercies of his brother-in-law Argyll. Finally, in 1645, the year of Naseby, came James, Duke of York, who fittingly closed the reign of the Stuarts alike over the Scotch men-at-arms and the kingdom of Great Britain. Thus of the five captains three were heirs-apparent to the crown of England, three actually ascended the throne, and two, as if to make a parallel with Gabriel Montgomery of the archers, fell by the headsman's axe.

In 1667 Louis the Fourteenth took the command to himself; and in this very same year there was added to the French service a new corps of English men-at-arms, which took rank after their brethren of Scotland. It was composed of a medley of English, Scotch, and Irish Catholics brought over by a Hamilton of the House of Abercorn. Louis drafted the Scotchmen into the corps of their compatriots, and erected the remainder into the English Company already named, with himself for captain and Hamilton for lieutenant. The new

men-at-arms wore, like so many of the French regiments, a uniform of scarlet, which had been adopted twenty years before by the English, while their Scottish comrades wore blue. Both bodies saw plenty of active service, the Scotch meeting the English at Dunkirk Dunes, and the English at Namur, Steinkirk, and Malplaquet. But, as with the archers, both soon became French in everything but name, and in 1788 they were disbanded. Minden was the last battlefield of the Scotch men-at-arms, so that they were unlucky in their final exit from active service.

The senior corps, the original archers, likewise perished in the Revolution, though it was galvanised into a false resurrection after Waterloo, and actually endured until 1830. Though it had long lost its natural character, it jealously retained until the crash of 1789 all its curious old privileges, which, though they led to constant wrangles with other regiments, had been duly allowed by Louis the Fourteenth. He was actually obliged to intervene at his own wedding to compose a dispute as to the precedence of the Scots Guards and the Cent Gentilshommes. "Proud as a Scotchman" was an old proverb in France, and their successors in the Body-guard did their best to justify it. But the most curious survival, long after a word of Scotch had been heard in the corps, was the practice of answering *hamir* (a corruption for *I am here*) when the roll was called, which was religiously maintained, at all events, down to the Revolution.

In truth one has only to look at an old French Army List to appreciate the extreme conservatism of that nation, at any rate in military matters, before 1789. One such list, included in a collection of the forces of Europe, which was prepared by Captain Lloyd in 1761, is now lying

before the writer. At the head of all come the Household troops, led of course by the Scotch, then the Gendarmerie, again led by the Scotch, and immediately followed by the English. In the Horse are the Royal Strangers, and Dauphin's Strangers, Royal Croatia, Royal Piedmont, Royal Germany, Royal Poland; in the Guards, the Swiss; in the Line nine regiments called Swiss, five called, and probably rightly, Irish, two German, a Royal Italian, a Royal Bavarian, and a Royal Corsican; and all this at the close of the Seven Years' War. Further, it is particularly noted that certain Royal Scots, "then in the French service," took precedence by Ordinance of 1670 as the twelfth regiment of the French line. If it be asked where they are now, we have only to turn back a few pages to the list of the British army, and there we shall find them as we know them still, at the head of the English line. It does not fall to the lot of every regiment to have been called Royal in two distinct and bitterly hostile armies; but here there is, in the heart of us, a living record of the transition from Scotland and France against England, to England and Scotland against France.

The sight suggests curious reflections, when one thinks of the cost paid to make Royal Ecossais into Royal Scots. To go no further back than the thirteenth century, the list of battles is terribly long: Dunbar in 1296, Cambuskenneth, Falkirk (after which Edward tried to accomplish the union four hundred years before his time), Bannockburn, Halidon Hill, Nevill's Cross, Homildon Hill, then passing across the Channel, Beaugé,

Crevant, Verneuil, Patay,—all of them Scotch actions, and a hundred minor engagements equally Scotch,—Flodden, Solway Moss, Pinkie, Leith, Haddington, Newburn, Preston, Dunbar, to say nothing of border-raids beyond name or number. And all this, and a great deal more, was needed to unite under one government a country of one race and one language, divided by an arbitrary boundary, and kept apart mainly by their opposing relations with France. England wasted incalculable strength in her mad endeavour to annex the territory of her powerful neighbour to the South, and just when she seemed to have gained her end the Scotch stepped in and spoiled all. The incident was unpleasant at the time, but it was the best service that they could have done to us, and equally to France. It encouraged them, however, on a wrong path, for their true way lay with England; and it is significant that though Scotchmen were happy enough in France, Frenchmen were much the reverse of happy in Scotland. But for the unlucky chance that set such a race as the Stuarts on the throne of England it is possible that Scotch influence might have done something in promoting friendship between United Britain and France; and even as things are, it may perhaps be pleasant for Frenchmen to remember that the most sturdy of those colonists who have fretted her sensitive soul by eternally hoisting the Union Jack in new places are generally of the same race as those who delivered France from the English, and gave to her army the first of all its regiments and to her kings the most faithful guard that ever saved a crown.

THE FAILURE OF PHILANTHROPY.

GREAT is the activity of those who go about doing good, and much has been done by them. In one small district in East London, and during one man's experience, institutes have been established and all sorts of classes drawn together; schools have been built and improved, clubs have been fostered, entertainments and excursions have been promoted, and much done to make pleasure more common and more healthy. Crazy and unwholesome houses have been replaced by sound and well-planned structures; open spaces have been secured; a free library and public baths have been opened; and the Poor Law infirmary has been raised to the level of a hospital with skilled nursing and every medical luxury. Many men and women, members of charitable societies or of public bodies, devote their time to planning schemes for the improvement of the condition of the people, and in some cases themselves see to the execution of their schemes. The standard of health and of comfort has in consequence been raised; children are better nourished and better clad; rooms are better furnished and common pleasures are of a higher character.

Philanthropy is active, but the prevailing feeling is one of anxiety. The richer people are nervous. They ask, "What can be done for the Unemployed?" They are shy of their possessions; they give, and distrust. The poor are more restless at tales of starvation, more indignant at the contrast between the shirt-maker's wage of ten shillings a week and the shirt-wearer's wage of £100 a week. They receive, and are dissatisfied. The rich

are asking, "To what purpose do we do good?" The poor are asking, "Why do the rich do good? Does Job serve God for naught?" With all its manifold activity philanthropy still fails to create peace and goodwill. What, then, is the cause of this failure?

The cause of the failure may perhaps be found in the motive which lies behind much good-doing. Motives are more important than methods. The reason from which a man acts will in the long run tell more on his neighbours than the way in which he acts. A friend with love in his heart may blunder in the sort of gift which he bestows, and yet evoke in the recipient an energy which comes of gratitude; while a stranger may give according to the best-known principles of charity, and nevertheless create a resentment destructive of the best qualities of human nature. A good motive may make mistakes, but at least it will fit acts to needs; a good method may for a time serve its purpose, but in the end it becomes lifeless and deadening. Motive is the soil on which the roots of action feed. If the soil be poor and shallow the tree of action may flourish for a season, and people will rejoice in its fruit or its shade; but in the time of trial it will fail, and they who sought its shelter will curse it for its false promise. If the soil be pure and deep the tree may be of slow growth, but it will abide and its fruits will be good.

In considering, then, the failure of philanthropy the question to be asked is, "What are its motives?"

The first is, probably, pity. Men cannot endure the sight of suffering; they cannot bear to see the starving

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and shivering creatures in the damp darkness of the streets, as they drive to their own bright-coloured homes. The thought of the sadness and the misery of the world is a heavy burden for a human being to bear. Men pity the sorrows of the poor: they build therefore better houses and furnish better hospitals; they open schools and institutes in which trades are taught; they send children for country holidays; they provide places of entertainment, and they give their thousands annually in charity.

The second motive is a sort of pride in order. Men do not like to have in the midst of their city an unhealthy area, a joyless population, a disinherited class. They feel about such things as a landlord feels about some untidy portion of his estate; or they are conscious of an inconsistency between such facts and their own theory of society. They support, therefore, proposals for more taxes to be spent on substituting sound for unhealthy houses, in providing open spaces, in giving work to the unemployed, food to children, and pensions to the aged. They think that the worker ought in this life to have a share of the good things, and that what is called socialism is a means of giving the people part payment for their work.

Such motives, good so far as they go, lie at the root of much philanthropic activity. Obviously they would cease to act if every one had enough money to live comfortably all his days. There would be no stirring of pity if there were no ragged and starving neighbours, no dull and joyless children, no poverty apart from vice. There would be no pricks of conscience if every worker had his fair share of the good things which have come to this generation. Modern philanthropy aims to create a community of well-paid and well-fed men and women. If it achieved its end there would be

well-built cities with frequent open spaces, with possible pleasures for all who would work, and with large prisons for idlers and vagabonds. Such cities compared with the reality might seem to belong to an earthly paradise, and it is easy to understand how the desire to create such a paradise captivates people of kind hearts and prosaic minds. But Walt Whitman says truly:

I dreamed in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole rest of the earth.

I dreamed that was the new City of Friends. Nothing was greater than the quality of robust love; it led the rest; It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city, And in all their looks and words.

The motives of much modern philanthropy, pity, pride, and a sense of order, will never create a City of Friends. They do not make men care for the man among men, for the individual among the masses. They do not make them "self-reverent and reverencing each." They do not open their ears to hear that appeal for respect and for friendliness which is more truly human than the craving for bread. They will never work so as to establish peace and goodwill, nor so as to create that joy in living which comes by bearing others' burdens.

Philanthropy, governed by the ordinary motives, simply acts so as to get poverty and suffering out of the way. It makes men passionate for the accomplishment of their schemes, and sometimes allows one who is eager to be helpful to depart from the ways of truth and to crush his higher instincts. A philanthropist, inspired by such motives, may, as many have been known to do, by his gifts corrupt a whole neighbourhood. There are Boards of Guardians which, under the impulse of pity, have granted out-relief and thereby set a population cringing and grudging. There are

entertainments which make for disorder, waste, and ingratitude. There are schools where the provision of food and clothing has begot in the children a rivalry of greed, in the parents a spirit of discord, and turned steady workers into restless beggars.

Generations of thoughtful and devoted people have denounced such giving. They seem to denounce in vain, and pity often makes people of goodwill more powerful for mischief among the poor than greedy employers. A "kind lady" has been a greater evil in a district than a "hard master," and in times of distress, the first prayer of the true friends of the poor is, "Save us from charitable funds."

The ordinary motives, again, supply no security that a philanthropist may not be both unjust and cruel and (after the likeness of Hollingsworth in Hawthorne's romance) betray love for the sake of his schemes, and crush a soul for the sake of a principle or an institution. There are men and women who have given up home and prospects to forward some system of relief which has seemed to them to be for the good of humanity. They believe, for example, the prevention of State relief, the support of some industrial scheme, or the adoption of certain principles, to be the necessary reform. They give freely of time and of money to accomplish their object; but somehow their gifts leave a track of suspicion and ill-will. They crush flowers which grow by the wayside in their earnest progress to reach their end; they destroy the graces of gratitude and trust. If they do establish independence, or succeed in organising charity, they do not hasten the building of the City of Friends.

Lastly, a philanthropist, moved by pity or love of order, may, as the revolutionists of the Continent, win support by appeals to men's sense of their rights. The men of the Revolu-

tion had a feeling for their fellows, and a sense of rights; but, as Mazzini has shown, they failed because of the motives by which they were governed. They roused indeed energy and enthusiasm: they were devoted, and they reached their ends; but by preaching to people of their rights they roused also the demon of selfishness, and in the end substituted the reign of a greedy class with its Panama scandals for that of a tyrant class with its boasts that it would make the poor eat straw.

Motives are more than methods, and it may fairly be urged that it is because of the motives which underlie much modern philanthropy and make it anxious only to do something for the poor,—anyhow, by any means, so that their circumstances are improved—that philanthropy does not succeed.

One evident sign of its failure is, the present state of dissatisfaction into which both rich and poor have fallen. Money is given, schemes are supported, improvements are made, but there is no great increase of happiness and little sense of peace. Pilgrims through life to-day do not, perhaps, so easily find the City of Friends as those pilgrims who travelled in days when less was done for others' comfort. There are, indeed, two forms of evil which seem to be growing in the midst of the improved conditions,—impertinence and gambling. These evils the ways of philanthropy tend to encourage rather than to check.

Philanthropists, for example, who treat men as beings just to be warmed and housed and fed, weaken the self-reverence which lies at the root of all reverence. They are apt to crush with a gift the smoking flax of manhood, and to enter noisily into the chambers of memory haunted by old sins. They sometimes blame a generous act which is the one glory

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of a life, and praise a course of selfishness which has ended in the acquisition of property. They often offer excuses when the wrongdoer is longing for the honour of a rebuke, and they boldly discuss a past before which they ought to be silent. They develop in themselves and in others the impertinence which, mocking both at sin and at goodness, threatens in its arrogance to destroy the foundations of society.

Or again, those reformers who, in their hurry to get rid of poverty and suffering, rouse the greed of the poor and the fear of the rich, who offer by schemes or by laws to banish poverty, who by tales of starvation excite the dulled feelings of the indolent, and by promises of gifts tempt the poor, encourage in both rich and poor the spirit of gambling which would get all for nothing and enjoy excitement without effort.

The rich people, for example, who are led to expect that by a gift, by an institution, or by a law, that by staking, as it were, a subscription or a vote they may win the reformation of society, are taught to expect something for nothing, a result out of proportion to effort. While on the other side those children who scramble for dinner-tickets, the poor who are surprised by Christmas gifts, the starving who are led to depend on chance bounty, are drawn out of the way of regular work, which is hard and dull but profitable, to take another way which is easy and full of excitement but unprofitable. Rich and poor are thus led to the habits of thought and action which bring the curse of gambling.

Apart, however, from such results as these, it is matter of common talk that the efforts of philanthropy are disappointing, and that every year new societies and new efforts have to be developed to supply what is

wanting in those of previous years. The failure is due mainly to the motives underlying the efforts. Neither pity nor logic necessarily makes a man treat his fellows with reverence, nor gives them what their manhood demands. The prevailing motives which make men help their neighbours do not make them consider their temptations or aspirations. They exhaust themselves when relief is given, or a system established.

Another motive must be added to those already in force, if service is to meet the needs of those who, although poor or degraded, have within them a divine spark making them akin with the highest.

That motive it is difficult to express in words which will not raise associations disturbing to the meaning of the words. The phrases of religion and of the Bible imply such different ideas to different people that it is almost hopeless to expect to convey a simple thought by the use of one of these phrases. If, however, it were possible to use such a phrase, we would say that the motive which is wanted is Christian godliness, the continued consciousness of a power making for right, the sense of a love of which all other loves are but broken lights, the assurance that this power and love are in our very midst manifest in the men and women and children of our time. Whatever such a motive be called, it is obviously not one which is common. People are not moved to speech or to silence, to one act or another act, by the thought that a power greater than their own is shaping their ends, rough hew them as they may. They are not under authority; their aim is rather to proclaim their freedom to do as they like. The mass of mankind does not move as if it were marshalled, it is rather broken up into parties or even into units. Each calls

him master whom his own will can reject.

If in matters of charity people were conscious of an authority it was impossible to reject, if they recognised this authority to be exercised for good, if they read its orders in the signs of the times, and in the words and works of the men of to-day, then at any rate two results would follow.

Firstly, pity and thought would come into line. Their irregular action is at present the cause of many disasters. Like untrained horses, first one and then the other dashes ahead and draws behind it the chariot of philanthropy. A master-hand is needed both to urge and to restrain. Under such guidance pity would make men feel for the sorrows of their neighbours, but thought would not let pity be spasmodic, hasty, and short-sighted. Thought would show what ought to be done, and pity would not let action linger. Pity and thought would be recognised as of equal inspiration; or to put the same thing in another way, if men knew themselves as ambassadors of a King whose will was perfect, and whose power reached everywhere, they could not support a social scheme one year with £70,000 and neglect it the following year. They could not treat ways of charity as if they were their own, to take up or let go. They could not be "half believers in some casual creed." They could not be unstable and double-minded, wavering between one course and another. They could not know one way to be right, and not be persistent. Or to put it once more in another form, if philanthropists had traced cause and effect in the history of mankind, and had come to know that an omnipotent power directed the solemn and orderly process, they could not think by founding a society to save men from the natural consequences of their

actions. They would not dare to use exaggerations to get money. They would seek rather the next link in the chain, obeying the law of right as they had learned to know it, and wait the coming of the eternal purpose.

The first result of this new motive would be the introduction into philanthropy of the same spirit which made Luther say, "Here I stand, I can do no other," or Ivan Ivanovitch meet his accusers with the calm, "How otherwise?" And the crowds of nobles and commoners salute the pope's appeal for a crusade with the shout "God wills it!" Philanthropists, that is to say, would hear a call to which their whole being would be subject. The voice of feeling, old as human nature itself, the voice of science, new as to-day, would direct an identical course. Inactivity and indifference would be impossible; but fitful action, impatience, trust in an Act of Parliament as if by parliament miracles could be wrought, trust in a well-intentioned lie as if cause could escape its effect,—all these and many other belongings of modern philanthropy would also become impossible.

A second result of the application of this new motive would be greater regard for the higher needs of the individual. If men realised that the character of the authority whose will they have to obey lies hidden in common men and women, they would pay a new sort of attention to their needs. If they felt that the secret of the force which had overwhelmed great nations, and which now, through pity and thought, compelled their own actions, would be discovered when each human being was at his best, they would with a new enthusiasm cherish and develop every talent and every capacity of every man, woman, and child.

At present the poor man is thought of as a bundle of wants and cries, or

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as a creature subject to cold and hunger. He is relieved, therefore, with gifts to hush these cries and soothe these pains, relieved in much the same way, if not so adequately, as a horse is relieved when he is put into a better-built stable, given good food, and turned out for a run in an open space. If, however, the poor man were thought of as a spirit, as a being with infinite hope, with a capacity for righteousness and for love, and if from each a broken whisper were heard, "I and the Father are one," "As my Father loves so I love," his treatment would be very different.

The poor man in the street wants not only warmth and food; he wants to think, to be good and to love. The beggar's likeness to the highest is more striking than his rags; his need for respect is even more pressing than his need for food; his possibilities of being thrown into shadow his attempts to deceive.

Such a new motive would have a definite practical issue. It would be impossible, for instance, to throw money to one of such beggars and hurry on; it would be impossible to believe that vulgar songs and second-rate pictures are sufficient to amuse the poor; it would be impossible by exaggerated advertisement and appeals to low motives to attempt to do good.

Assume a man to feel, as strongly as it is possible to feel, pity for the homeless, the ignorant, the starving; assume that he knows as clearly as it is possible to know that better conditions, healthier houses, wider space, purer air, fuller education, individual friendship, will best relieve his suffering; assume further that he recognises each man, woman, and child as a letter spelling the name all seek to understand, or as a vessel containing the secret which will explain all mysteries, — what will he do? Obviously he will be as enthusiastic

to provide air, water, and schools as the most devoted missionary is to provide dinners and shelters; he will as eagerly restrain himself from relieving crowds as others spend themselves in relieving them; he will say "I must not" as conscientiously as they say "I must;" and lastly, he will hold it his duty to make common what is best, so that every one may by means of knowledge and art rise to his highest. The philanthropist, under the impulse of this motive, will give by quite another measure than that of a tenth or a half, and by quite another rule than that of expediency. He will give himself, and by study he will make himself worth giving. There would be a City of Friends; and in the city the poor would not only have green spaces accessible to the tired and feeble, frequent baths, clean streets, healthy homes, picture-galleries, libraries, and lectures, but each would also have the personal care of a brother man better equipped than himself with the gifts of the time; and all men from the lowest to the greatest would delight to know one another. The philanthropy of the day does not supply these things. There may be millions spent annually, but the poor still want space, air, and water: they want the means of knowing the things by which they would grow to the height of their being and enjoy life; and they have not friends among the rich.

Archbishop Tait once expressed regret that more religious people were not liberal, and that more liberal people were not religious. He saw, that is to say, the need of a motive strong enough to bring these forces into line and make them do common service. In the same way we must regret that charity is so often unscientific, and that scientific people are often so deficient in charitable impulse. The pendulum of action sways from

one moment, when the tendency is to give free schools and free dinners, and when socialism is popular, to another moment, when the tendency is to let every one work for his own hand and when cynicism is popular. Another motive is necessary; one strong enough to make the hasty, warm-hearted givers subject themselves to methods shaped by thought, and strong enough also to make those who know what ought to be done and what ought not to be done passionate both in their action and in their patience.

Such a motive is to be found in that consciousness which is the essence of religion. Every motive, indeed, which has had force enough to establish a series of actions has found its force from what was known of God in the days in which it was born. Religion, it has been truly said, lies under all great political movements. Modern philanthropy, whose shortcomings are so obvious, derives its strength from ancient religion. Ask it whence it got its human pity, or its sense of order, it will answer:

"Twas when the heavenly house I trod,
And lay upon the breast of God.

The service of God goes before the service of man.

All this means that philanthropy must rest on religion; but in some circles this passes as a truism, and certain forms of philanthropy get special support because they have what is called a religious basis. Calm observers, however, see little distinction in their methods. A few religious phrases, and certain acts of worship, do not affect the way in which social problems are met or individuals treated. A breakfast, for instance, at which a gospel address is given, is not less demoralising or more sustaining than one given without

such an address. A visit to a poor man when the Bible is read, or the theory of the position of the Church explained, does not of necessity increase his goodwill any more than a visit where the talk has been of common things.

Religion, indeed, when it is claimed as the basis of philanthropy, has not always that consciousness of God which is the essence of religion. Every age, perhaps every individual, has to discover what is the name of the controlling power and what is the source of the spark which troubles the clod. It preserves its discovery in forms of words or of worship which are good if used by succeeding ages as a means for further discovery, but which are bad if used as the final expression of all truth. The religion which is now connected with philanthropy is often that which rests on forms or words used by past generations to express their consciousness of God, and not that which rests on a consciousness derived by men of to-day from the revelations of to-day.

The conclusion of the whole matter for one distressed by what he has seen of man's failure to do good is that philanthropists should be better students of the signs of the times, and before giving or doing should find out, not what is expedient, but what it is that must be done. The rich, before they go to deal with their poor disinherited brother, should, like Jacob, wrestle with the spirit which haunts their path and breathes in science, politics, and art; and they should never let it go till they know its name and its will. Philanthropists should think before they act, and pray for the individual before they begin to help him. A religion of the nineteenth century is necessary to its philanthropy.

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ALEXANDER MACMILLAN.

(A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.)

It was some time in the autumn of 1858, when I was an undergraduate at Cambridge, that I first knew Alexander Macmillan. Being of a bookish disposition, I had been from my Freshman's term a haunter of the shop in Trinity Street, but had never held speech with either partner in the firm until the occasion referred to. I remember well Mr. Macmillan addressing me in friendly words on the strength (if I remember rightly) of a paper I had written in one of those university magazines which in each successive generation of undergraduates "come like shadows," and in a year or two "so depart." He had been struck with something in the paper, and out of the conversation thus begun arose a friendship I do not hesitate to call one of the most valuable and valued of my life.

The preceding year, 1857, had been a memorable and a critical one in the history of the firm. The elder brother Daniel had died in the summer, leaving Alexander the poorer for the loss of a beloved brother, and the prospects of the firm so far dimmed that a mind of singular strength and a rare sympathy with all that was highest in religious and speculative thought was no longer at hand to guide and suggest. But already the seeds of future success for the business had been sown and were bearing fruit. As early as 1855 the name of Frederick Maurice was closely associated with the young firm. Kingsley's *WESTWARD HO!* in its original three-volumed form appeared in that year and by 1857 had reached a third edition; and in the same year the

firm achieved what Alexander Macmillan always called his first great popular success in *TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS*. The author of that admirable story has related for us in his pathetic memoir of Daniel Macmillan the fortunes of both brothers up to this date. Henceforth the business, already well started on the lines it was mainly to follow, was the creation and development of the younger brother; for it was not until after many years that he was able to associate others with him in partnership.

The acquaintance I thus formed with Alexander at this juncture speedily passed into something like intimacy, and not long after I was welcomed by the family circle at the house in Trinity Street, in the lower portion of which the business was carried on. The household consisted of Alexander Macmillan, his wife and four young children, and his brother's widow, with her own four children, whom Alexander had promptly adopted on the death of their father, making of them one family with his own, until they were married or otherwise established in life elsewhere. The impression of those Cambridge days from 1858 to 1860 is still singularly fresh and full of charm to the present writer—the absolute unity in affection and purpose of this twofold family, and (if it may be said without offence) the total absence in the head of the household of even the consciousness that he was doing anything exceptional or out of the way. And the two mothers (both long since passed away) were rivals only in the keenness of their admiration and homage for the

thinkers and poets who were already making the name of the firm famous beyond the limits of Cambridge.

From 1860 to 1866 I was called by the work of my profession into the country, and for these six years saw little or nothing of the family, then settled in the neighbourhood of London. But on my own return to town the old intimacy was revived, and thenceforth I had continual opportunity of seeing and knowing Mr. Macmillan under his own roof, until the recent failure of his health. Those six years during which I had lost sight of him had brought him a wide extension of his business, and with it troops of new writers who had become, as usual, his friends. The man himself had grown under these new influences and through his life-long habit of study and reading. Busy man as he was, building up, and for a long time single-handed, his wonderful business, he always found time to read, and of the best literature. Compelled as he was by his calling to read new books, his love and interest were always for those that had inspired and fertilised his mind when young. His youthful enthusiasms for Carlyle and Coleridge, for Shakespeare, Burns, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, never changed or faded. He was specially devoted to Plato, though he could read him only in translation, and knew THE REPUBLIC through Davies and Vaughan's translation, better than many who could read the original. He had mastered the leading English prose Classics, and they formed for him a secret standard and criterion of excellence which saved him in a remarkable way from false admirations, or from being deceived by that specious mediocrity which is perpetually appearing in fresh shapes above the horizon. A life-long enthusiasm for the best models was at the root of his highest success as a publisher. Con-

sidering his antecedents and up-bringing in the severe simplicity of Scottish humble life, I was always amazed at this faculty of his in discerning excellence in books even on subjects about which he could have known little and cared less. He seemed to have an instinctive perception of what constituted excellence in a new book, irrespective of his own sympathies. I do not suppose he would ever have made an infallible critic, in the literary sense of the word. The deficiencies of his earlier training forbade it. He had not the full equipment of a critic. But intellectual insight seems to be given to some men in ways and through channels other than those of the critic whose judgment has been formed by the careful measuring of writer against writer. Alexander Macmillan's power may have been instinctive, mysterious even to himself; but the intellectual grasp he undoubtedly possessed, and the early successes of the firm, especially at the time when he was his own "reader," must have been due to his almost unerring perception of the real quality of a new writer. His own early reading, as I have said, may have been deep rather than wide; but he knew by heart the authors he dearly loved, and they had formed for him the principles on which he judged. I well remember taking a Sunday walk with him at Cambridge in the first few months of our friendship, and his repeating from memory the then little-known stanzas of Tennyson addressed to Bulwer Lytton that had appeared in PUNCH. The verses were quite new to me, and as he delivered them in those chant-like tones his friends remember so well, I can recall the emotion with which he declaimed the noble lines:

An artist, Sir, should rest in Art,
And waive a little of his claim.
To have the deep poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame.

It might be truly said of Alexander Macmillan that with all his literary instinct, and consequent sagacity, he had that rarer thing, the deep literary heart ; and no man ever more clearly understood the essential distinction between literature and books.

The life of Alexander Macmillan down to the year 1857 was practically written by Judge Hughes, for the fortunes of the two brothers had run so parallel that to write of one was to write of both. And one could heartily wish that the life of Alexander from 1857 onward might be continued by the same genial and accomplished hand. There would be many outside his own family to contribute to it. He had the faculty of making and keeping friends, to whom his house was often as a second home, and who could testify to qualities often unknown save to near relations. No one could share his hospitality and sojourn under his roof without discovering the large nature of the man, his generosity, his kindness and thoughtfulness for servants and dependents, his pity and helpfulness for all of them when in trouble. The recollection of his own early poverty and struggle seemed a perpetual fountain of sympathy within him. And it had the natural and happy result of evoking in return the intensest loyalty and affection from all who served him, whether in his home or in his business. Thus it was, too, that he secured an extraordinary influence over their characters, stimulating and bringing out the best that was in them. Abundant evidence, moreover, has been forthcoming since his death, and from some quite unexpected quarters, of kindness and helpfulness to beginners in literature or science, men or women who have since attained to fame and position, shown at a season when such encouragement is absolutely invaluable.

Doubtless, like most men worth

anything, he had some of the defects of his qualities. Enthusiasm, a passionate belief in the writers he loved, quickness of perception, and shrewdness of judgment had their corresponding side of impatience and intolerance of opposition. But his heat in argument was never but for the moment, and no one ever lived less capable of bearing a grudge. Judge Hughes, in his memoir of the elder brother, relates how Daniel in his last hours warned his wife that she would see something of the best of him come out in his children. "It will be a great comfort to you," he added, "but you will see the impetuosity." This impetuosity was characteristic no less of Alexander, and indeed was manifest in all he did and felt, in his dislikes as well as his likings. But it was the outcome of all that was greatest in the man, of his inherited Puritan hatred of gossip or scandal, of all that is mean or underhand, as well as of his life-long loyalty and affection to his friends. And just for this reason there should not be forgotten, in this connection, the sunny and playful sides of Alexander Macmillan's character : his hospitality, and delight in welcoming his friends and his children's friends ; his fondness for music, especially the old songs of his native country (he had a good voice and ear in his prime, and loved a chance of singing *ANNIE LAURIE*, or *THE BONNY HOUSE OF AIRIE*) ; and his love of the country and the garden and all rural sights and sounds.

In the obituary notices of Mr. Macmillan, recently published, due mention has been made of the remarkable list of writers who either made their first reputation with him for their publisher, or were (like Kingsley and Tennyson) closely associated with the firm for many years. A curious testimony to the fact exists in a relic connected with the founding of this

magazine. As we all know, Alexander Macmillan was the first to project a shilling magazine in place of the old quarterlies at five shillings and magazines at half-a-crown. The new venture was made in the autumn of 1859, soon after the establishment of the London business in Henrietta Street, with Professor Masson as the first editor. A name for the new periodical was a long time under consideration. Tennyson's *IDYLLS OF THE KING* (the first volume) was then fresh in men's memory and admiration, and a title, in some way arising out of the *IDYLLS* was seriously contemplated. *KING ARTHUR* and *THE ROUND TABLE* were two suggested, and one or the other was very nearly adopted. The present writer well remembers being one of a party of friends of the firm assembled in Henrietta Street on the evening when Professor Masson's counsel was finally accepted that the periodical should bear only the name of its founder. A trace of the original suggestions is still to be seen in the design on the cover, where "the blameless King" appears in the centre medallion at the top, the other three completing the design being Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton.

Yet one other trace of the original idea lives in the round table, of English oak, at which friends and supporters of the magazine and many others met, for several years that followed, once a week for social chat in Henrietta Street; and on the edge of the table were inscribed from time to time in their own handwriting the names of the many and varied guests that sat around its board. The catalogue is one of remarkable interest, as showing how comparatively early in the history of the firm the

most distinguished thinkers and writers of that day had become its supporters. The list includes, among many others, Tennyson and Frederick Maurice; Huxley and Herbert Spencer; Lewellyn Davies and Blakesley; G. S. Venables and F. Lushington; Coventry Patmore and John Stuart Blackie; Edward Dicey and Francis Palgrave; F. G. Stephens and William Allingham; Thomas Hughes and Richard Garnett.

Thirty-five years later there was gathered round the grave of Alexander Macmillan, in the beautiful churchyard of Bramshott, near his country home, a group of friends no less distinguished and representative. Men of eminence in science, literature, and scholarship were there, but also, what it would have pleased him more to know, old friends of his schooldays, class-fellows at Irvine; relatives and friends to whom he had been kind when they were young, many travelling long distances to be present; and his own servants and fellow-workers from Bedford Street, who had followed the fortunes of the firm and partaken of its prosperity. The business ties and relationships represented were remarkable; but far more noteworthy, as it seemed to the present writer, was the dominance of sympathies which threw all else into the shade, the bond of strong personal gratitude and affection between Alexander Macmillan and men and women of the most varied and opposite characters and pursuits. Seldom had we known a friend more "pure of heart"; and the happiness of that condition and its power to make others happy were never made more manifest than in the common emotion that stirred the mourners on that day.

A. A.

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